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MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS,

AND

OBSERVATIONS,

WITH OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, IN PROSE AND POETRY,

BY THE LATE

W. C. SMITH,

Author of "Rambles round Guildford," "History of Farnham," &c.

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PREFACE.

In sending this little volume forth into a world so bestrewed with the productions of the talented and the good, it may perhaps be necessary to offer a few brief remarks, to prepare the reader for any defects that may be found in it. That it was not originally intended by its author for publication in the present form is certain; this will account for the unfinished state of many of the pieces; and its not being prepared for the press by the author himself, will, it is hoped, be considered an apology for many errors that may have escaped notice.

867084

The MAXIMS and REFLECTIONS were written at various times, and with a pure hope of conveying some little instruction to mankind; they will not, perhaps, fail to do this, from their being the genuine sentiments of a self-taught mind. Many of the POEMS, written very early in life, were, probably, never intended for the public eye; it is, however, confidently hoped that both amusement and instruction will be found by those who may peruse them.

It will at once be seen, from the circumstances under which the volume is published, that a thirst for fame is not the motive. To the critic much need not be said; there is, doubtless, room for censure to those who read with a view of setting forth the failings of a work, which presumes not to compete with many others of the like nature; at the same time, its merits will not be lost upon those who view them with an impartial eye.

Much might be said to the Subscribers who have given their names in support of the publication of the volume; it is earnestly hoped they will, in some measure, be repaid in the perusal of its pages, and their kindness will ever be remembered with gratitude,

By their obliged and obedient Servant,

ANN SMITH.

Wotton, July 1, 1834.

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MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS,

AND

OBSERVATIONS.

MAXIMS, REFLECTIONS,

AND

OBSERVATIONS.

Acknowledgment of Error.

It requires exercise of the greatest self-denial to acknowledge having committed an injury; but to do so is one of the noblest actions of which a man is capable.

Address.

A pleasing address often conceals a want of understanding.

Affections.

How often, when the evils of the world press heavily upon us, but for these sacred and tender ties, should we at once shake off the galling

fetters of mortality. To a man of generous feeling, *self* is but a remote consideration: he thinks upon his wife, his children, his parents, the friend of his bosom, and his native country, and in the hour of sorrow, gentle affection arrests the hand of despair, and whilst it holds him to this transitory life, inspires him with fortitude to bear those evils which would be otherwise too powerful for the frailty of his nature.

It is easy to root up an affection of yesterday, planted in the loose and unstable soil of admiration; but it is a work which defies time and exertion to tear from the heart a long-nourished attachment which has been continually watered with the dew of hope, and has taken deep root in the bosom of sincerity.

Ambition.

Shakspeare, by the mouth of Falstaff, hath declared *honour* to be *air:* I aver that *ambition* is a *balloon*, whence the rich æronaut is often reduced to the necessity of throwing out his golden ballast to secure his ascent, which if effected, like that of the æreal voyage, is always attended with difficulties and hazard.

Anger.

Anger is unquestionably a species of madness, else men would never be guilty of that which is, nine times out of ten, followed by disgust and self-accusation.

Avarice.

You may as well bestow your eloquence upon the rocks of the ocean, as plead the cause of feeling to an old man whose past life has been spent in the accumulation of riches.

He who winks at and encourages the avarice of another, is guilty of as manifest an injury to society, as if he were himself the miser.

Author.

People in general are more apt to appreciate the merits of an author from the amusement they derive, than from any instruction which his works communicate.

There is this, only this difference between a bad author and a good one:—the former can make nothing of a good subject, and the latter can make a good subject of nothing.

Beauty.

Man is so apt to be captivated with what is in appearance lovely, that his ideas of beauty and virtue have become imperceptibly associated. Who can look upon a beautiful culprit and believe her to be guilty? Who can behold the tear trembling in her eye and not feel that his reason is fast giving way to the subduing emotion of pity? In the long run, however, the beauty has the worst of it; for her appearance generally leads us to expect virtues we do not find; whilst the good qualities of the ordinary woman please us in proportion as they appear unexpected.

Changeful as it is, there is a certain enchantment attendant upon beauty which few men are able to resist: though all know that it is intrinsically worth nothing, and that time will some day fix his plough upon the fairest countenance.

I have sometimes seen beauty of that peculiar description that I have felt it impossible to look upon it, even for a moment, without feeling an

instantaneous melancholy. It presents nothing for the voluptuary, but there is a soul-speaking sadness written upon it, which awakens a feeling in the sensitive heart not unlike that which we experience when we walk out in the calm moonlight of a summer's night, and every object we behold tends to dispose the heart to meditation and serenity.

Benevolence.

The earth and all it contains are the property of him who made them: he hath appointed the rich man his steward upon earth. O son of wealth, disgrace not thyself by withholding the portion of the poor. Is there not enough for him and for thee. Go, give unto thy neighbour his share and take thine own, so shall thy bosom become a stranger to inquietude—so shall thy name be blessed among men, and honoured among angels.

Braggart.

The braggart boasts of his courage, because, feeling his miserable deficiency, he endeavours to shelter himself behind the appearance of a quality which he does not possess.

Christianity.

No men turn impostors who do not expect to reap some earthly advantage by their imposture. Christ expected none: despised and reviled, his whole life was a series of patient endurance and exalted fortitude. Examine his doctrines: they will bear the strictest scrutiny; even those who profess not to believe the divinity of their author, acknowledge their beauty and uniformity: can sound reasoning be the offspring of enthusiasm? The manifest purpose of the Christian Religion, is the glory of God, and the present and future happiness of mankind. If this one obvious consideration fail, a direct revelation would scarcely convince the man who professes to disbelieve the truth of the Gospel.

Contempt.

I cannot conceive a more proper object for contempt than the contemptuous man himself: puffed up with egotism, he esteems every man his inferior, he believes his own judgment to be infallible, and by tyrannical and overbearing conduct, justly incurs from the wise man that censure which he so liberally bestows upon others.

Contempt of the World.

If the world denounce thee *fool*, and thou wouldst be happy, swear that the world's an idiot till thou from thy heart believest it, and thou wilt put on armour which will assuredly protect thee.

Censure.

Censure not an old man who condemns in the rising generation those follies to which he was himself once addicted: who can be a better judge of their evil tendency, than he who has smarted for his own misconduct?

Coquets.

'Tis often the case with coquets, that they care not a straw for a man whilst they are sure of his affection: but, the moment there is any fear of losing him, for very jealousy they unite themselves to the object whose disregard of them would, they fear, lessen the world's opinion of their attractions.

Courage.

Courage is of two kinds—*animal and rational*. *Animal courage* is that recklessness of

danger which we feel in common with the brute creation, many of whom are, in that respect, infinitely our superiors. *Rational courage* I conceive to be an innate intrepidity enabling us not only to conduct our animal courage with propriety, but also to overcome those sorrows of the mind, which we are by nature rendered more capable of feeling, than any class of created beings which holds its rank beneath us.

Death.

He that considers his body as himself, may well tremble at death; but he who believes it to be only his habitation, and would fain act as virtuously as he may, is superior to its fears.

Dissimulation.

There can scarcely be a greater pain to an honest man, than to be obliged to assume the appearance of pleasure in the society of those he despises: so much at variance are nobleness and dissimulation.

Drunkard.

The drunkard wastes four things: his time, his understanding, his estate, and his health.

Drunkard.

A drunkard is a voluntary maniac, who purchases hollow eyes and aching bones at the expense of his reason.

Drunkenness is the very summit of selfishness, *although destructive to self.* Perhaps the least useful member of society is the drunkard, since, by his excesses, he not only desists from doing good, but by destroying the active energies of his mind, renders himself incapable of doing society a future service.

Duties of Mankind.

The period of *youth* should be employed in reaping information from the experience of those who have lived before us, or who are more advanced in years than ourselves: that of *manhood*, in exercising our talents for the benefit of our fellow creatures: and that of *old age*, in admonishing the young to persevere in the paths of rectitude, in laying before them the result of our own experience, and in making preparations for our last and most serious journey.

Education.

If there be any thing grateful to the heart of man, it is surely that of seeing his exertions for the welfare of his offspring crowned with success, and the son of his old age entertaining those principles, which, while they shed a lustre upon his character in this world, are registered to his eternal honour in the records of a better.

Enemies.

We cannot love our enemies, in the literal acceptation of the word; but we can make a near approach to the observance of this great commandment, by refraining to do injury to those we may esteem such, and by not refusing to confer a kindness when it is in our power to bestow it.

Faith.

As the first care of a skilful architect is to see that his foundation is capable of sustaining the structure he designs to raise upon it; so the earliest precaution of the man who would raise his faith upon a firm basis, should be to examine diligently the principles upon which he intends to build, lest, having neglected the most material

of all considerations, in the midst of his fancied security, the pile of instability he has erected descend upon his head, and destroy him it was meant to protect.

Fame.

All earthly monuments decay:—the gilded mausoleum and the peasant's grave soon resemble each other; but the *fame* of the wise man descends to posterity with his labours, and his name shall be spoken with reverence long after the most celebrated cities of his day shall have been mingled again with that parent earth from which they were taken.

Fanaticism.

Of all the tyrants who have stalked through the world to mislead mankind, and to spill the blood of the innocent, I know of none so cruel, so blinded by prejudice, and so relentless, as fanaticism under the assumed name of religion. She has erected standards bearing a thousand different devices, and her deluded adherents have hewed each other in pieces with the most inhuman barbarity. The infatuated Mussulman has steeped his sword in the blood of the

Guebre, and the Christian held up the cross of his Redeemer, *of him who was the pattern of humility and meekness*, as a signal to hew in pieces the unhappy Saracen, deeming the blood of the no less deluded follower of Mahomet an acceptable sacrifice in the eyes of that *Being*, who is the unalloyed essence of charity, benevolence, and mercy. Shall I go on with this melancholy picture? Alas, my heart bleeds to say, that the followers of our Lord, upon a slight difference in certain inconsiderable points of faith, have gratified the sanguinary thirst for blood, which has ever been a prominent feature in the character of fanaticism, in the preparation of the most horrible cruelties upon each other which imagination can conceive. The more reflective part of mankind have long since discarded prejudices so disgraceful to human nature, but a vast number still remains to whom enthusiasm has exclusively promised the blessings of eternal happiness. One would scarcely believe that a being endowed with reflection, could harbour ideas so repugnant to common understanding, and which derogate so materially from the benevolence of providence. Doth not the Supreme Ruler of events manifest equal

tenderness to all his creatures? Hath he not amply provided for their several necessities? And shall the errors of that judgment which he himself bestowed upon man be made a pretext for his destruction?—Beware ye who are too easily persuaded: the denunciations of the enthusiast carry with them destruction to the eyes of the human understanding.

Fashion.

There is no sterling value in the cold complimentary esteem of fashionable society. I would not give a whiff of tobacco for every butterfly acquaintance of a modern beau. Honest natural feeling becomes chilled when it comes within the vortex of mincing fashion: the finer sensibilities of the heart give place to a new train of imaginary sensations, created and indefatigably sustained in the atmosphere of the beau monde. All is languor, frozen civility, and busy nothingness. The affection of one warm heart is worth it all,—if these trifles only are to be the sacrifice. Farewell fashion!

Fortune.

Who does not know that fortune, like Shak-

speare's Fairy Queen, falls sometimes in love with an ass; while she leaves honour, honesty, and merit, to—oblivion, poverty, and contempt.

Genius.

In proportion as a man is gifted with genius should he be acquainted with learning. Without learning, your true genius is apt to overstep the bounds of propriety: with too much, his energies become clogged, and he is rendered incapable of exerting them with his wonted vigour. It is only when the natural quality and the acquired one are justly proportioned, that we behold the productions of literature in their highest perfection.

This quality, though it is always discovered in a man's productions, is never to be truly estimated. The writings which a man leaves behind him cannot certainly assist us in our admeasurement: for, during his life, so many circumstances operate to turn genius from its natural channel;—so many circumstances unite to oppose its unlimited exercise; that it is next to impossible to say of any two men which possessed the larger share. I conjecture (but

the whole business is no more than conjecture) that Burns possessed as great a proportion of this quality as has fallen to the lot of any individual. Let us consider for a moment the disadvantages under which he laboured, and behold what he has effected! He was born in rustic obscurity, — a stranger both to the advantages of science and of society, — condemned to the fatigues of manual labour, and destined, during a great part of his life, to struggle with indigence and misfortune; but his mighty genius could triumph over all these powerful obstacles: sensible of the beauties of nature, and with the spirit of poesy in his heart, he gazed upon the scenes which surrounded him, and, in lays ever to be admired, sung the charms of his native home. What can exceed the excess of feeling and pathos of his elegiac pieces, the charming simplicity of his songs, or the sportiveness and vivacity of his humourous productions? Had the temple of learning been open to his researches; had labour given way to leisure, and the bright sunshine of affluence supplied the nipping blasts of poverty and misfortune; what might we not have expected? Yet with this same genius, under other circum-

stances he might have effected less: had he been consigned to an employment which left him less leisure even than he had; had he been for the greater part of his life stretched upon the bed of sickness, although he might have produced enough to convince us that the true sparks of genius lighted up his understanding, we should have had no evidence of the extent of that genius, nor can we come to a conclusion upon a subject over which the Creator has drawn a veil of too close a contexture to be seen through by the fallible discernment of man.

Genius and Taste.

Genius is the gold ore of poesy, which taste refines and improves.

Happiness.

I believe, from my soul, that perfect happiness is unattainable by any human being; yet I am as firmly of opinion that a certain serenity of mind, a certain cheerfulness under the dispensations of our Creator, may be attained, and that this is the offspring of piety, and piety only.

Happiness.

Happiness is like a rainbow, to which you are as near, whilst at home, as if you travel half over the world in search of it.

Think not to find happiness in the transient career of pleasure: a passing joy may glance upon the mind, a gleam of mirth may persuade thee that thy search is not in vain; but, if thou wouldst be truly happy, turn thy back upon the evils of this world, set misfortune at defiance, and lay fast hold of those things which the mutability of earthly events hath not the power to destroy.

Considering the short stay man is destined to make in this world, it is surprising to witness the pains he takes to be miserable. Would we but remove our attention from the shaded side of the picture of life, would we but examine the agreeable images its brighter side presents, we should find abundant causes for contentment, and discover that we ourselves are the chief enemies of our own happiness.

Happiness.

If there be any thing which, after all, can be termed human happiness, I think it must consist in *anticipation:* had we not something continually to wish for, how flat and insipid would be the monotony of our lives. The statesman, the warrior, the philosopher, and the poet, place their ideas of it upon the pinnacle of fame; but no sooner have they attained the summit of their wishes, than the enjoyment is at an end, and, like the first traveller upon Teneriffe, they perceive that they have only attained height enough to discover the inefficacy of their attempts. Perhaps few acquire knowledge sufficient to convince them of this truth, whilst the major part, still anxious to accomplish the end of their researches, and animated by a new hope, continue to build upon their former structure till the closing scene veils them in eternity, and convinces them, in one instant, that permanent happiness is to be attained only by a fulfilment of our duty.

Home.

With its calm and placid enjoyments, what pleasures can be put in competition? But the

casuist will say, "Where is home?" and the travelled man of the world will answer, "Every where." I will tell you where I think it is. It is that spot of the vast creation where we are completely at our ease, where formality and fashion are forbidden to enter, and which contains those whom we believe have claim upon our best affections.

Hope.

The gods, at the formation of man, knowing his real wants, denied him foresight, but, having a concern for his contentment, presented to him the bauble—hope, which has ever since been the favorite plaything of the children of mortality. To every man, upon his entrance into this world, is presented a toy of this description, accommodated to his particular temperament: its varieties are endless: upon the philosopher's is written "happiness;" upon the poet's, "fame;" some bear the inscription, "wealth;" others, "power;" whilst some, still more delusive, display the attractive name of "love;" but, however great their variety, they all answer the same end; namely, the reconciliation of man to his perishable state of mortality.

Hospitality.

To perform the duties of hospitality with credit, a man must not only afford plenty to his guests, but also partake bountifully at his own table: to do less looks something like a hint to his friends that his circumstances would be eased by their following his example.

Indiscretion and Cowardice.

Speak not ill of the living, lest upon thy remarks reaching their ears, thou findest thyself surrounded by more difficulties than thou hast calculated upon meeting with. Speak not ill of the dead, because it is the part of a coward to attack those who have no means of vindicating themselves.

Industry.

Every thing in nature,—animal, vegetable, and mineral, manifests a tendency to mingle with the general mass of creation. To day, a man lays out the most beautiful gardens in all the elegance of classic taste, and erects the most superb, and apparently durable, edifices; but the former require his continual care, long to bear any resemblance of their original

beauty; and the latter, after a few short years, exhibit a desire to mingle again with the dust, and thus afford fresh cause for his industry and labour.

Labour.

Human beings, in a state of nature, cannot exist without labour, and being all children of one parent, it is just that every man should perform his proper proportion. Perhaps if an equal distribution of manual labour were made, but a small portion would of necessity fall upon each individual; but as this cannot be done in the present state of society, and, moreover, as men differ widely from each other, both in respect of intellect and of bodily strength, it seems that the intelligent part of the community were designed by Providence to relieve the athletic from mental exertion, and these, in their turn, to render an equally desirable assistance to the thinkers, by performing their share of bodily labour as well as their own. But one class of men yet remains. What shall we say for the indolent and wealthy? What *can* we say, save that they are unjust as well as useless?—useless, since they do nothing for the advantage of

others; and unjust, inasmuch as they lay their portion of exertion, both mental and bodily, upon the shoulders of their neighbours.

Love.

The most casual and unimportant circumstances sometimes give birth to this bewitching passion: two persons, under similar circumstances of ill or of good fortune, are often endeared to each other for the remainder of their lives. Two successful partners in a game at whist may contract an intimacy, which will end only with the existence of the one or the other of them.

That is a just maxim which says—"without an alliance with pain there can be no pleasure." The heart which has drank deepest at the fountain of misfortune is generally sensible to the most perfect emotions of joy; hence it is that love, which is capable of communicating the most exalted bliss, is also subjected to the severest and deepest torments.

Those who have remained all their lives invulnerable to the attacks of this powerful

passion, must be wholly unaware of its effects upon the human mind, and may be pardoned when they speak contemptuously of its victim. Ignorance is no crime, and we can neither feel nor believe more than our mental faculties will allow.

If a man once suffer this delicious poison to enter his cranium, all the musty scraps of philosophy he can gather together will stand him in no stead.

Love—Connubial.

I am inclined to believe that connubial love oftener inhabits the poor man's cottage than the prince's palace: wealth and honours generally determine the *latter* in his choice: the *former* seldom bargains for any thing beside industry and virtue.

Love and Admiration.

Let us ever be careful not to place our love upon those things which are entitled to our admiration. Beauty and intellect (the free gifts of nature) have certainly no claim but upon

the latter: virtue, which is the voluntary act of the creature, is alone justly entitled to our affection.

Love to Mankind.

The more superior the natural sense of a man, the more boundless is his love to mankind.

Man—a handsome one.

A handsome man with an uncultivated mind is like a barren tree covered with beautiful leaves.

Mankind—Estimate of.

If the estimate of men were made in proportion to their usefulness, how far behind in the pathway of reward would be the modern fine gentleman, the child of laziness and luxury! There is not a cobbler, or a ploughman, a chair-mender, or a razor-grinder, who does not more toward the welfare of mankind than this self-conceited witling; who, because education, forsooth, has given him a taste for what the world designates *refined pleasures*, thinks himself dealt with right scurvily if they are not at all times ready, like a ripe plum, to drop into his hand.

Melancholy.

The only cure for melancholy is to keep the mind actively and constantly employed.

Memoirs.

No man ought to be accused of vanity who keeps a memorial of his *past* life; since, by a calm reflection upon *past* events, he may the better be enabled to meet future ones with credit and satisfaction to himself.

Metaphysics.

It is no part of our duty to metaphysicalize away our senses: let us rather, since life is so short, seek happiness in the performance of our duty, and, for the rest, leave it to the direction of that Great Being, who stands in no need of any interference on our part.

Nature.

"How wonderful is nature!" has been the exclamation of millions. It is the first ejaculation of the novice in philosophy, and the last of the accomplished student. In vain have the most learned men spent their lives in an investigation of the primary laws which regulate her

mysteries. The end of all their studies has been to discover that she has raised a barrier to their enquiries which is never to be broken down. Ages have passed away since the creation, during which system has been erected upon system, and the whole have eventually fallen to the ground. Our own age has not been deficient in industry; but another will succeed, and our successors will probably take as much pains to overturn our opinions as we have done to throw down those of our fathers. And what shall be said for the new order of things which will then take place? What can be said but that, in its turn, it will give way to another which is to succeed it? Of what avail then is this reason, about which we arrogate so much to ourselves, if we cannot, by its assistance, perpetuate our opinions for one generation. Of what intrinsic value are all our pompous discussions, if in the end we know not with certainty, on our side, that we have approached nearer to truth than at our first setting out? Instead of becoming the mis-led votaries of hypothesis, let us rather, with the wise man, repose our whole confidence in heaven; and, with a quiet and humble mind, exclaim—"All is vanity!"

Obligation.

When a man reminds his friend of a kindness he himself has conferred upon him, surely the obligation ceases: the kindness of the former action being more than counterbalanced by the meanness of the latter.

Oratory.

An orator is by nature a poet with the gift of speech in a supereminent degree.

Passion.

Shew me a man who is never in a passion, and I will pronounce him to be either a rogue or a philosopher.

Pathetic Writings.

I know of no passion which is so universally felt as pity. There is something so seducing attached to it, that men, whose hearts are not steeled against virtue, must in some measure be subject to its influence. I can give no greater proof of this than the taste which prevails in all civilized countries for writings of a pathetic description. They speak to the heart,—they address to one of its finest emotions,—and till

a complete revolution shall have taken place in our natures, can never fail to call forth that applause which it is not in our power to withhold.

Philosophy.

Be not too confident of thy security from sorrow, O philosopher! Like Achilles thou hast a vulnerable part about thee, and *he* exists who can, without difficulty, find it out.

Pity.

Few hearts are insensible to the powerful and subduing emotion of pity; if an author would disarm censure, let him, at the outset of his narrative, awaken this passion; and the mind, thus overcome, will insensibly throw aside the the spleen of criticism, and follow the hero of his tale through a detail of his melancholy adventures, unconscious of the little molehill of errors which the critic, wide awake, ever takes care to magnify into mountains.

Poetry.

If poetry be deemed an acquirement, then may we allow proportionate degrees of merit to

its professor; but if we consider it the offspring of genius, then can we admit of no mediocrity.

A Poetaster.

A trivial poet may be compared to a flying fish, whose wings having expended their moisture during a short flight, is compelled to discontinue his aerial journey till he has soused himself in the water, again to procure a fresh supply of the necessary element.

Pride.

Pride is, perhaps, in a poor man, the greatest enemy to his advancement.

The hand of fortune lavishes her favours upon the child of pride, and men regard him with homage: he is imperious, yet they obey him. Behold him hurled from the pinnacle of greatness, a miserable outcast, with no claim to the pity of his fellow beings. His contempt is repaid with scorn, and he is a wretched being; for he has taught himself to believe that happiness exists only in the palaces of the powerful and wealthy.

Pride.

He who suffers pride to make him forget an old friend has become the servile slave of the meanest of masters.

Poverty.

If men would be contented with the common necessaries of life, and forget the fancied wants which a debilitating luxury has introduced, every man might come in for his share of enjoyment, and poverty would have, at most, but a fairy existence; But wherever extravagance holds her court, poverty as certainly makes her appearance:—two sorts of people are immediately formed:—monopoly gathers into the rich man's barn, and industry with a broken heart is goaded to hopeless exertion by selfishness and cruelty.

Predestination.

To say the least of predestination, it is a sublime conception of the omnipotence of the Deity: how forcible an idea does it convey!—What majestic sublimity exists with the thought that God could not only create a world,—not only give being to millions of rational creatures, but could make them subservient to the minutest

of his commands; and in so hidden and mysterious a manner, that every distinct being imagines himself pursuing the bent of his own will, while he insensibly works that of his great Creator, totally unconscious of that power which directs his most trivial actions, and works all together for the completion of its own grand and secret designs.

Pleasures.

The soberest of pleasures certainly afford the most lasting rapture. What can equal the calm and placid feeling which a fine day in winter produces in the contemplative mind: it recalls to recollection the beauties of summer; touching upon all the chords of memory at once, it causes the heart to vibrate with the sweetest emotions of joy.

Providence.

At the same time that nature provided for the gratification of mankind, she acted the part of an impartial mother toward the animal creation. To the deer, she gave fineness of form and beauty of skin; upon the peacock, she bestowed stateliness of carriage and richness of

plumage, which latter she denied from the swan, because, being an inhabitant of the water, his milk-white feathers display him to most advantage, in contrast with the blueness of that element; while to the nightingale, who scarcely ever presents herself to our sight, she gave a voice that infinitely compensates for the beauties which fall not to her share.

Religion.

True religion delights in secrecy. It is the communion of man with his Creator, its seat is in the heart, it is the offspring of gratitude and love, and a consolation of which the misfortunes incident to this transitory existence have not power to deprive us.

He who makes a jest of religion for the sake of displaying his wit, shoots a fool's bolt into the heavens that will some day recoil upon his own head.

It is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, if a man would be successful, that he

should make himself well acquainted with the principles upon which he intends to act in his commerce with mankind; — how much more then is it requisite in his intercourse with the Supreme Being, whose kingdom is everlasting, and who, having created in man an immortal soul, must hold communication with it to all eternity. He who neglects this precaution, may with great justice be esteemed an object of pity,—he has no settled opinion—no determinate rule of conduct; but, like a bark tossed upon the ocean helmless and without a compass, pursues his course at random, becomes the plaything of every wind that blows, and is liable to split upon every rock to which he approaches.

Riches.

How can the treasures of this world be valuable, when the meanest human being can, in one moment, if he seek the opportunity, send me from their possession for ever.

Rivalry.

In cases of rivalry, that vengeance must surely be misdirected which we turn upon our

fellow candidate for favour, who is, perhaps, perfectly innocent of any intention to injure us. Let us rather conquer the bad feeling which prompts us to resentment, and by our attempts to excel each other in all that is praise-worthy, at least prove that we deserve the favours it is our ambition to attain.

Secrets.

The man who confides his friend's secret to another, must either be a scoundrel or a block-head: — a scoundrel if he betray it with the design of creating mischief; a blockhead if he possess not discernment enough to see that there is as great chance of its escaping from another as himself, and one who, most probably, is less interested in the consequences that may ensue from its publicity.

Self-love.

Self-love alone is capable of sustaining a man in utter solitude.

No man can form a just estimate of his own works, or an impartial one of those of his

rival. Self-love, in the first case, induces him to search for the beauties of his own performance, and, in the latter, to discover those imperfections which will sink the labours of his competitor below the level of his own.

No man can be contented, be his sphere what it may, who is not upon good terms with himself.

So materially averse are men to acknowledge any error in themselves, that we generally find the unfortunate supporting the doctrine of predestination; and so delighted are they to calculate upon their own merits, that we as generally find the successful treating it as a chimera, and arrogating to themselves the whole merit of their advancement.

Pity is said to afford delight from the idea it gives us of security from the sorrows of the object we commisserate,—it is more especially so, when (as is sometimes the case) we feel how much superior we are to him whose sorrows call forth our commisseration.

Self-love.

We love others (I speak not of the love of the sexes) because they make us love ourselves. Hence then, the golden rule to be loved, is to make men pleased with themselves. Self-love, in moderation, is a necessary virtue; carried to excess, one of the most baneful of evils.

Shame.

A dread of shame is sometimes as great an incentive to crime, as to be lost to all sense of it.

Sight.

Who is there that does not behold with sensations of the purest pleasure, the soft tints of morning as they rise from the blue bosom of the waters, or from behind the summit of some distant hill, which fades as it were into the sky? Who does not witness with delight a sight still more glorious, when the clouds of the west present to his organs of vision a bright sea of gold, interspersed with precipices of every shape which imagination can invent, and whose picturesque beauty inspires us with an enthusiastic idea of the habitations of the blessed? Who is he that can walk forth at the solitary hour of mid-

night, and behold the vast hemisphere adorned with millions of orbs sparkling in all the splendour of silent majesty, and not acknowledge the inestimable value of that sense which procures him so many enjoyments? Alas! numberless are the instances of men, who never allow themselves to think upon the blessings which every side surround them. Deprive one of these creatures of *that* sense upon which he appears to place so little value, and he exclaims, O that I might, like other men, behold the beautiful earth clothed in her green vestments! and feast my full soul in the investigation of her beauties!

Slander.

A man who traduces the character of another in order that he himself may appear more conspicuously virtuous, is like the moon during a solar eclipse, which by endeavouring to hide the face of a superior luminary, only displays her own blackness and inferiority.

Sorrow.

I heard the assurances of the enthusiast, and the boasting of the philosopher; but the hour of

trial came, and they wept, like other men, over their afflictions. Religion, O man, can only palliate thy sorrow; philosophy, teach thee to disguise it. Heaven hath awarded thee sorrow as thy portion, and till thy eternal soul shall return to its Maker, thou shalt in vain endeavour to escape it.

Solitude.

Man was evidently intended for society; solitude is, therefore, only good as it qualifies us to be more useful and agreeable to our fellow creatures.

Vanity.

Many words are not necessary to shew the inconsistency of vanity, but I believe volumes would be necessary to induce either sex to lay it aside. I can blame no man who is tenacious of his honour and his integrity; nor can I accuse any woman who proudly *commands* the respect due to her modesty and her virtue: but it is not *these* qualities upon which the sexes pride themselves. Men are generally ambitious to be thought wits; and women, beauties: and there are those of the former who, without a blush,

can hear the most abandoned vices laid to their charge, that would resent, with the utmost indignity, any attempt to turn their witticism into ridicule; and sorry am I to say that there are instances of ladies, (too frequent,) who would rather bear a stain upon their reputation than hear the slightest assertion derogatory to their charms.

This feeling attends a man through every vicissitude of life, and tinctures his opinions under every circumstance. Is he unfortunate—unwilling to acknowledge himself in error, he advocates the cause of predestination. Is he prosperous—willing to take to himself the merit of his own advancement, no one is louder in railing against it.

Virtue.

Virtue is of such celestial loveliness, that vice, while plotting her blackest schemes against her detested rival, pauses to admire the godlike quality which supports man amidst so many dangers and difficulties, and bears him triumphantly through all his misfortunes; and

beholding how hideous she appears beside the unblemished beauty of her competitor, bursting with envy, and wrought up to the highest pitch of determined detestation, lays, with interminable hate, fresh schemes for the destruction of those qualifications which she can never possess.

Uncertainty.

How full is this world of uncertainty! To-day a man may be turning up the furrows of his field; to-morrow, seated upon a throne, invested with all the privileges of ermined royalty.—To-day the monarch beholds his most imperious commands obeyed with trembling, nay, his very wishes anticipated; to-morrow, asks the pittance of a morsel of bread of the very meanest of his subjects.—To-day health sparkles on the cheek of youth, and man exults in his strength; to-morrow tinges his countenance with the pale hue of sickness, and languor stretches his limbs upon the bed of sorrow. Has not the site of the once famous Tyre become a place whereon the fisherman hangs his net? and has not England, a solitary island in the Atlantic Ocean, become mighty in the annals of history?

Wisdom.

There is more wisdom in being religious without learning, than in being learned without religion. Every body will admit that he exhibits most wisdom, whose foresight empowers him to avoid future dangers, and ensure future enjoyment. Experience daily tells us, how little happiness learning can communicate, even in this world; but, at best, it aims only at a sublunary good: yet the truly religious man, however small his stock of literary knowledge, seeks for a higher enjoyment, while he resigns himself to the misfortunes incidental to our frail state of existence, and secures himself eternal happiness in the kingdom of heaven.

Wit.

A wit, like a cramp-fish, is best left alone; since, by touching him, we only bring pain upon ourselves.

Wit bought is said to be better than wit taught. This may be true, if they who become purchasers make a proper use of their bargain; but experience shews us that men exist, whose whole lives are spent in acquisitions of this

description. Such people are like the wiseacres of the present day, who amass hundreds of volumes without profiting one iota by their contents, which seldom, indeed, become the subject of their investigation.

Wisdom and Folly.

If the sons of Minerva have more sound sense and deliberate judgment than those of Momus, that deficiency is more than made up to the latter by the qualities of cunning and artifice. The wise man may starve in the midst of his learning, whilst the quick-sighted fool draws all into his net, and sees the blessings of this world proffered in every shape for his acceptance.

Woman.

Though man erect the firmest arguments, she beats them down with her smile; and when she raises the eye in supplication, who can withstand it.

Worship—Public.

Why, says Deisticus, can I not as well adore my Creator in my closet, as in the midst of an

assembled multitude, and reap instruction from the writings of wise men with as much advantage as from the mouth of a preacher? To the first part of this I reply by a question, would not the evil passions of the heart, which are ever most triumphant when the mind is left to itself, sometimes induce us to forego the performance of our duty? and to the second, in a similar manner, by enquiring, whether it be necessary frequently to study those things which we have already learned? If so, 'tis as necessary that a man should be constantly reminded of the duties which he owes to his Creator and mankind; and if he would wish to perform his duty, he cannot do better than avoid the temptations which are continually throwing themselves in the way of the unemployed and indolent, and of those whose employment is liable to be thrown aside for any new one that may present itself.

Youth.

Youth is the gay season of romance, and hearts of a sanguine temperament, too often delude themselves with hopes created only by the vigour of imagination. Dissimulation and flat-

tery, servants of avarice and pride, often keep up the delusion in the minds of the wealthy; but the poor man, as he advances in life, beholds the beautiful flowers of hope wither at his approach, and instead of being disinterested, open-hearted generosity and unlimited freedom is forced to the painful contemplation of cold calculating self interest, covetousness, and oppression. Do not accuse me of misanthropy,—is it not truly a soul-sickening prospect to look around and discover that I have no kindred heart near me to whom I may communicate my feelings; or a wonder that my spirit turns from this comfortless scene of unexpected sterility, and, disgusted with the world, seeks a melancholy gratification in its own solitary reflections.

Youthful Impressions.

A man's character always bears in it some colour of the sentiments he imbibed in early youth.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

THE TRAVELS OF REFORMATION.

An Allegory.

At a remote period of society, when Sin, the mortal enemy of the human race, had already begun to invade the peaceful habitation of man, appeared Reformation: she was the daughter of Reflection and Regret, and brought up under the immediate tutelage of the goddess Minerva. Before she was born, it was predestined by Jupiter, that she should perform a pilgrimage to the kingdom of Happiness; and, accordingly, when she had arrived at a competent age, she took for her guide Perseverance, to whose care she was affectionately committed by her benefactress, and, forsaking the flowery pathway of Pleasure, began her journey.

As she was about to quit that enchanting valley, which is everywhere thronged with altars teeming with sacrifices to the wanton deity, and was entering a solitary pathway pointed out to her as the only road leading to the land of her researches, she was accosted by a group of young females attired in all the splendour of eastern magnificence; on their heads they wore garlands of the finest Circassian roses, and alternately danced and sung to harps of gold, upon which they continually played the most captivating music. They informed her that they were going on a visit to the palace of Mirth, and warmly pressed her to accompany them; but Reformation, who had been previously cautioned by Minerva, saw plainly that they were no other than the Allurements, whose employment was to betray the unsuspecting traveller, and clinging closely to her guide, she hastily declined their invitation and passed on.

These ladies, however, were not so easily shaken off as our way-faring novice fondly imagined, and continued to present themselves at intervals during the whole of her journey, varying their attractions, and appearing every time more enticingly attired than before; but

what was most perplexing, it often proved that when they were thought to be at the farthest distance, they were nearest at hand. Howbeit, the councils of Perseverance counteracted all their endeavours; but, alas! a more powerful enemy of the bewitching goddess remained yet to present himself.

One evening, after a wearisome journey through briery woods and over flinty rocks and precipices, as our adventurers were reclining upon a mossy bank to recruit that strength which was now far spent, having before them a dark tangled copse overgrown with thorns and weeds, and presenting but a melancholy prospect of their next day's travel, they observed a person making towards them with great haste. His youthful countenance, which was any thing but displeasing, appeared flushed from the heat of his journey, and his manner altogether betokened great hurry and confusion. He was not long in soliciting an acquaintance with Reformation and her companion, for whom he professed the profoundest regard. His name he informed them was Procrastination, and that like theirs, his object was to reach the kingdom of Happiness, and that it was his intention to

recommence his journey after a few days spent in the abode of Pleasure, of which he gave the most florid and captivating description, and whither he brought them to accompany him, adding that they might then resume their journey together. The young heart of Reformation, inexperienced as it was, could but be susceptible of delight at such courteous behaviour, and so busy was her mind in contrasting the pleasures proffered with the difficulties she must encounter, that she scarce listened to the admonitions of her preceptress, who would fain have represented to her the folly of losing sight, even for a moment, of their important undertaking.

At this time a rustling among the trees gave warning that a storm was approaching, and Procrastination readily availed himself of this circumstance as an occasion for offering to accompany the adventurers to the cottage of Labour, of whose industry and bounty he had been already for some time taking advantage. Perseverance, though she would fain have been well rid of their dangerous companion, was yet willing to seize an opportunity of recruiting the strength necessary to a renewal of exertion, and, therefore, readily accepted his offer.

Upon their arrival, the door was opened by Hospitality, the son of Labour and Tranquillity: the former of whom (a hale old man, whose white hairs falling upon his shoulders formed a strong contrast with his sunburnt countenance,) sat near a fire blazing upon the hearth, mending his spade:—the latter, who was seated near him, cheering him with her smiles, arose as they entered to bid them welcome, and to offer such refreshments as their homely but tranquil dwelling afforded.

After a hearty repast, a separate apartment was assigned to our female travellers, to effect which, Hospitality insisted upon giving up his share of repose.

They had not long reclined upon their humble pallet, before, overcome by the fatigues of the day, Perseverance fell asleep. Not so her youthful companion, who in vain courted repose, and continually shifted her position in a delirium of uneasiness occasioned by the disturbed state of her imagination, which was constantly picturing the graces, and easy familiarity of their new acquaintance and fellow adventurer, finding sleep a stranger to her pillow, she arose and paced the narrow chamber in melancholy silence.

In this agitated condition she had not long remained, when suddenly by the light of the moon, which shone brilliantly into the chamber, she beheld the object of her meditations in the garden below, looking intently toward the lattice of her window. He commenced a low prelude on a lyre which he constantly carried with him, and with a silver voice sung the delights of the palace of Pleasure. The concluding words of his song called upon Reformation by name to forsake her guide, and to sojourn with him at the temple of enjoyment. Our pilgrim looked upon Perseverance,—the slumbers of her guide were unbroken, she turned towards the window, and, spell-bound, opened it and stepped forth. In an instant Procrastination was at her feet, and gently taking her by the hand, whispered in her ear such persuasive entreaties that the inexperienced maiden yielded to his entreaties. Already had she placed her hand in his, and turned round to bid a silent but melancholy adieu to the faithful attendant of her travels, when suddenly a mist rose before her, and she beheld the spirits of her parents arising in the midst of it. The eyes of her mother, Regret, were more than usually bedimmed with tears;

but the manly brow of Reflection, her father, was bent upon her with the austerity of an offended parent, and while he held up the finger of admonition, his lips seemed to mutter a curse upon the head of his disobedient child. At this instant, by the will of Jupiter, Perseverance awoke, and perceiving the danger of her young charge, clung fast to her garments, which Procrastination no sooner observed, than he made a precipitate retreat. No sooner had he departed, than Reformation, who had become fully sensible of her folly, bursting into tears, sincerely entreated pardon for her misconduct, and faithfully promised that no future temptation should induce her to turn aside from the important object of their journey. Having thus offered up the sacrifice of an ingenuous heart, encouraged by Perseverance, she again threw herself on her pallet, and courted repose which now stole upon her senses with double sweetness of enjoyment.

As the morning began to dawn, she was awakened by her faithful guide, who proposed to set off with all possible speed, lest they should again be annoyed by the importunities of their troublesome companion, and, accord-

ingly, first bidding a hearty farewell to the hospitable cottagers, they proceeded on their peregrinations. Nothing now occurred worthy of remark till about noon, when they beheld a middle-aged person seated in a recumbent posture upon the projecting root of an overspreading oak tree; his eyes, beaming with thankfulness, were directed towards heaven,—his figure was that of muscular strength and manhood. They no sooner caught sight of this person, than Perseverance recognized her beloved helpmate Fortitude, (who had just directed his steps to the confines of the abode of Happiness, to be present at the departure of a virtuous man, and to cheer him on his entrance into eternity,) and rushing into his arms, she implored his protection of her young adventurer during the remainder of their journey.

Of all the adventures of Reformation, this was the most fortunate. They now advanced fearlessly forward; the fatigues of the day, which habit began considerably to diminish, being invariably recompensed by the repose of the night, till, O day of delight! they arrived at the abode of Happiness,—the long-wished-for termination of their wanderings. Here they

were affectionately received by the placid Deity, who, bidding them a sincere welcome, gave instructions to her attendants to conduct Reformation through the abodes of bliss, and recompensed the dangers and difficulties she had overcome, by uniting her in marriage to Virtue, the most lovely of terrestrial beings, and assigning them a delightful residence near to that of Contentment.

Here Reformation now dwells, having the pleasing duty assigned her of obtaining passports to eternal felicity, for those sinners who apply for them, and so accessible is she, that she has never been known to deny her assistance in any instance where it has been solicited.

To her habitation, there is no way but that which she herself travelled,—it is visible to the eyes of all men, but frequented by few. The abode of Fortitude and Perseverance, is erected at the entrance of the narrow way, and they also are ever willing to render their aid to all who seek it; but Procrastination and the Allurements, are so continually on the alert to lead men back to their former vanities, that, comparatively, few knock at the gate of their venerable mansion.

Yet, so great in some minds has been felt the necessity of accomplishing this journey, that hundreds upon their death-beds have expressed a wish to be carried to the dwelling of Reformation; but, alas! the greater number have been so exhausted before they could come to a determination, that they have died upon the road, and thereby lost all hope of accomplishing their intention.

ON PROFUSION AND AVARICE.

Of all the sayings of Solomon, there is none with which I am better pleased than that which tells us "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul *enjoy* good in his labour:" and here I cannot forbear to remark, that for the greater part of our sorrows, we are indebted to ourselves. Continually alert to discover fresh causes for uneasiness, we turn aside from the enjoyments that lie scattered in our way, and voluntarily destroy that peace which a prudent moderation of our desires would ensure us.

If we look around us, do we not behold on every side the productions of nature bountifully scattered by the hand of our Creator? Do not every green hill, every little valley, call forth our gratitude to the Author of our being? The picturesque beauties I behold, the melodies I

hear, the refreshing breeze that blows upon me, the perfume of the flowers that surround me, and the delicious flavour of the pulpy fruit ripening within reach of my hand,—all speak in a language not to be misinterpreted. Who can behold this, and accuse heaven of unkindness! Behold yon solitary chamber, it contains the unfortunate Menalcas. Born in the lap of affluence, he passed his infant years without a cloud, the hue of health played upon his cheek, and, as he grew to manhood, his heart panted in anticipation of happiness: he became the votary of pleasure, the companion of wit, a reveller with luxury, an enemy of restraint, and flew with abhorrence from the temple of reflection. Observe him now: the flush of health has given place to the pale hue of melancholy, the strength of his limbs have yielded to the languor of sickness, and his sunken eye proclaims with what pain he lifts even his head from his pillow. The God of Mercy beholds his agonies, but extends not his hand to remove them even in death:—hath Menalcas reason to complain? Tell me, shall the man who abuses the blessings of heaven become its accuser?

But let us withdraw our attention from this destroyer of his own peace, and direct it towards a very different character—the penurious man, one whose soul is locked up with the perishable treasures of this world, who is ever on the watch to take advantage of the inexperience or want of foresight of his neighbour, and whose pliant mind will bend to any indignity where gain presents itself as the reward of his compliance. Need I say aught to prove the conduct of this unworthy man offensive in the sight of heaven? Though nature has covered the valley and the hill with profusion, though the trees of the orchard bend with the weight of their fruit, the hand of the covetous gathers all into his garner; his eye dwells without shame upon the the poverty of the cottager: he imposes fresh tasks of labour, but replenishes not the table of the hungry. Profusion may in some measure be an error of the understanding, but this—this is the fault of the heart. Him shall the poor man curse in the hour of calamity, and the honest man shall despise him, though his coffers teemed with the treasures of Golconda.

We have reviewed his conduct, let us see the advantages it affords him. He is the

possessor of wealth—has he the power to enjoy it? Though with his ill-gotten gain he purchase honour and renown, though men perform homage before him, yet while the detested fiend avarice is the god of his idolatry, the mild spirit of peace shall disclaim him, and the magic of an evil imagination clothe with thorns every flower that is strewed along the pathway of life. Behold what restlessness perplexes him: his fears keep him perpetually in agitation, doubt and distrust are ever conjuring up the anticipation of loss; he is ever stretched upon the rack of suspicion, for, conscious of his own deceit, he is ever concerting schemes to preserve his own possessions from the presumed rapacity of his neighbour. Shall such a mind hold communion with happiness?—as soon shall the turtle's nest be found in the burning bosom of Vesuvius.

There is a mean in all things, and happy is he who has taught himself to tread only upon it. Avarice and profusion, both displeasing in the eyes of our Creator, carry with them their own punishment; and happiness is so situated, that it is only by pursuing the straight line of our duty, that we can attain it. A good man

views the productions of nature as so many blessings sent for the enjoyment of all mankind; he partakes of them with temperance, and forgets not the wants of his poor neighbour; neither does he regard them as imperishable things, but remembers that all he possesses must some day pass from him. Such a man may be compared to the traveller who stops to take refreshment only when he requires it, and who steadily pursues his course, having always the end of his pilgrimage in view, and who, should he meet with a fellow pilgrim in distress, proffers him all the assistance in his power.

The reward of such, in this life, shall be equanimity and cheerfulness; and, in the world to come, PEACE.

CHEERFULNESS.

Give ear unto me, O child of earth, and weigh my words in the balance of thine understanding.

Forsake the pathway of heedlessness and destruction, and follow me: I will lead thee to the paradise of cheerfulness; thou shalt become a stranger to depression of heart.

Prepare thy soul with fortitude, and thou shalt be strong in the hour of adversity.

Consider the providence of thy Creator, and make manifest thy gratitude; place thy confidence in HIM only, and he will not forsake thee.

Hath he not clothed the earth with the garments of beauty? at his mandate doth not thy food spring up at thy feet?

The fruit-tree droppeth its fruit into thine hand; the vine asketh only thine industry, and it yieldeth a beverage which shall recruit thy strength.

The bee filleth her cells with honey for thy use; the cow and the goat proffer thee thy milk. Doth not the horse assist thee in thy labour, and is not the dog a faithful reward unto thee?

Who gave thee the strong ox, and stocked thy pasturage with lambs?

Thy basket is filled with the inhabitants of the waters: the fowls of the air are in submission unto thee.

In the dark bosom of the earth, lie the implements of thy labour; there also, and in the trees of the forest, may'st thou find materials for thy habitation.

Cast thine eyes around thee, O man! and confess the goodness of thy Maker: HE hath provided all things for thy use, HE hath given thee an helpmate, fair as the lilies of the field, her eyes sparkle with beams of intelligence, from her lips fall the accents of tenderness and love.

Hearken not to the voice of the vain man, regard not the complainings of his folly. He puffeth up his mind with conceit, and despiseth the hand which feedeth him.

Turn thine ear to the counsels of truth, and behold the wisdom of the Most High.

Contract not thy perception to this sublunary world, but extend it to that where only is the abode of happiness — where only thou may'st drink of the unmingled fountain of bliss.

Meditate on the hour of thy dissolution, and consider what thou hast to regret: the cup of felicity has not been given unto thee; hast thou its loss to deplore? thou shalt leave a world of unkindness to become a stranger to its coldness.

Elate thy soul with hope, for thou shalt visit the kingdom of peace; where also thou shalt shortly be rejoined by thy dearest companions.

Thine eyes shall behold the friends of thy childhood, the associates of thy youth, the objects of thy affection, who have gone before thee.

O turn from the deluding hope of happiness on earth: enlist thyself under the banners of virtue, and become the inheritor of eternal peace.

THANKSGIVING.

O lift up your hearts, children of mortality! let us exult in the good things of this earth, and give thanks unto the throne of mercy.

Thou who art hidden in the splendour of thy majesty, who hast fixed the sun in the firmament, and directest the moon in her course, give ear unto the song of thy children: listen to the accents of their gratitude:

When the cool breeze of the west cometh upon the mountain, when the first blushes of morn appear on the eastern sea:

In the shelter of the wood at noon, and when we contemplate the beauties of evening.

In the solemn stillness of night, shall the praises of the sons of Albion come unto thee.

For thou, O God, art merciful, wonderful are thy ways; our tongues cannot enumerate thy blessings.

Wheresoever we turn, the earth is full of thee; we are unworthy of thy benevolence; yet withdraw not thou thine hand from among us.

Be unto us still a father, still gather us under thy paternal care; so shall we laugh at the malice of our enemies, and despise the man who is strong in his own conceit.

O give thanks unto the Lord, sons of my country: praise his name from the island of your fathers; in the midst of the dark sea, sing unto him the song of thanksgiving.

FRAGMENT.

When! O deluded man, when wilt thou begin to assume a humble opinion of thyself? Wilt thou continually give ear to the dictates of vanity and pride? Wilt thou for ever shun an examination of thyself through the just medium of humility?

Thus was I musing, gentle reader, as, a few hours since seated upon one of the benches of Richmond Terrace, I beheld part of the fashionable world walking in procession before me. A mind accustomed to indulge its own solitary reflections, is ever busied in contrasting its present ideas with others which have previously presented themselves to it, and I could not help placing beside the gay picture before me, a

simple and more picturesque sketch of the pleasures of humble life. What is this refinement, thought I, which the whole world makes such a riot about? sure 'tis a nearer road to happiness, that people hunt after it with so much avidity. O that some genius would bestow upon me the faculty of reading the great book of mankind, uninfluenced by the weakness of my own understanding, unbiassed by my own prejudices. I felt an indescribable sensation stealing upon me, as I beheld passing towards me from the crowd, a being whose appearance plainly indicated an inhabitant of a superior world: he seemed to glide unperceived amongst the crowd of gay visitors, and advancing towards me, with a benignant smile, thus addressed me :—

Thy wishes, O child of solitude, are known, and they have received the approbation of heaven inasmuch as they are the offspring of humility. I should have prostrated myself at the feet of my celestial visitant as he spoke, but a slight motion of the hand forbade me, and restored that confidence which I had so recently lost. Being encouraged by the deportment of Truth, for so the being was denominated

who had now placed himself beside me, I could not help expressing my astonishment, that a being so seraphic should pass through the votaries of the gay goddess seemingly unnoticed. Cease your astonishment, replied Truth, Ambition, Avarice, and Prejudice, have so blinded the eyes of mankind, that not one in a thousand beholds me in the the splendour with which I now appear to you. If they catch a faint glimpse of me, the honours and wealth of this life appear in their eyes so much more alluring, that they turn eagerly from an interview with one who neither flatters their follies nor glosses over their vices, till they assume the resemblance of virtue.

RHAPSODY.

Who has not felt that ineffable sensation of delight, which the prospect of a fine fertilized country affords? If it boast not the sublimity of the wild uncultivated plain, vast forests, stupendous rocks, and brown shaggy heath, it presents to the imagination a picture far more delightful. To the eye of the poetical admirer of nature, at every turn it gives a new gratification, he beholds the various productions of the most distant, as well as of the neighbouring kingdoms of the globe, rising in luxuriance at his feet; one beautiful object follows another in continual succession, and he examines the vegetative productions of nature with untired satisfaction. Nor is his eye the only vehicle which communicates pleasure to his soul, the

green foliage of the forest spreads a tempting shelter to the plumy inhabitants of air: how delightful the harmony which sweetens the hour of his meditation: in the bravura of the lark, the dulcet tenor of the blackbird, and in the soft piano of the solitary nightingale, he hears music whose melody the inventions of man can never express. 'Tis not that he alone hears the enchanting harmony, he feels it fall deeply into his heart, his thoughts rise in successive gradations to the great Author of his being, whose life-infusing breath blows on him in every zephyr, and whose attention to man's minutest gratification, he confesses as he inhales the honied fragrance of the flowers which surround him.

Different from these, yet not less delightful, are the emotions of the philosopher as he turns round upon the exhilarating picture. Prone ever to dive deeply in his researches, and to weigh all things in the balance of consideration, his excursive mind travels through past ages; he compares the felicity of mankind at different periods of society, and teaches himself to estimate the real value of every object to which he turns his attention. England! thou paradise of fertility and beauty, what wert thou once?

Where were those noble edifices, the dwelling places of science and art, those nurseries which pour forth the warrior, the statesman, and the philosopher? Where was the sacred temple of religion? and where the neat comfortable cottage, the quiet habitation of the shepherd and the husbandman? Melancholy picture! The very hill upon which I stand now teeming with plenteousness, boasted scarcely a juniper bush upon its side. What was the distant prospect? a desert! a barren wilderness! If cultivation appeared upon its face, 'twas but in the vicinage of some miserable hut, which gave a wretched shelter to the barbarian who, urged by the imperious calls of nature, taught himself to cultivate such esculant plants as this almost desolate island produced, for his own support and that of his untutored progeny. To what then are we to attribute this mighty change? and whence do we derive the unbounded blessings of civil society? Haply some skilful mariner by adverse winds cast upon our shores, and appealing to the hospitality of our savage ancestors, first planted the social seeds of commerce. Into how beautiful a tree have they expanded, we need only look around us to

become sensible. See what a bright scene of fertility and beauty, blooming upon a soil left by nature scarcely capable of bringing forth the common necessaries of life, and how much more delightful to the soul of man, when he reflects that all is the effect of his own industry.

Thus reasons the contented philosopher, dwelling with encreased satisfaction upon every idea which presents itself to his imagination. Thou art indeed lovely, O nature! All men through thee pay adoration to the omnific God who formed thee: the laborious husbandman, though he constantly observes thee, is never weary of beholding thee: thy beauty constitutes his felicity; when he walks upon the hill with his companions, he points out the little field he has himself cultivated, and exults with a full heart in the work of his own hands.

And this lock, said I, which Fanny has given me, shall be kept as a memorial of her, while I can afford half-a-crown for a pocket book to contain it. Lovely pledge of our friendship! exclaimed I, as I gazed wistfully at the little present, I derive more heart-felt satisfaction from thee, than the proudest honours this world could confer. How empty appear the pleasures which attend the fulfilment of ambition, when placed in competition with those delicious enjoyments which the esteem of a valued friend implants in our bosoms, and how tenderly doth the *Father of mankind* deal with his children, when he places the fruits of enjoyment where they await only the elevation of the hand to ensure us their possession. I still continued to gaze pensively at my new acquisition, and my mind mounting into enthusiasm, I could not help fancying that I was enjoying a foretaste

of that felicity which awaits the virtuous in a better world; yet I still felt that my happiness might admit of encrease. Sweet Fanny! thought I, were this but bestowed as an earnest of a warmer affection, how lovely did she look, with what an ineffable smile of sweetness did she present it. O beauty, beauty! when thou art coupled with modesty, thou art beautiful indeed! Whether this train of reflection was displeasing to an all-seeing providence, as giving too much vigour to a hope which ought to be extinguished for ever, or as placing too high a value upon that which passeth away, I know not; but at this instant, my eye, by some involuntary movement for which I could never account, fell upon a little ring I constantly wear: it contains also a lock of hair; *she*, of whose tresses it once formed a part, sleeps in the cold grave for ever! Ye only, unto whom it is given to indulge the reveries of a melancholy mind, can truly tell with what force the comparison smote me. Poor Fanny, said I, a fate like my dear Mary's, *must* some day be thine! Imagination was not slow in picturing the last moments of life at an end, and the dark curtain of eternity closed upon them to be undrawn no more. Sweet blossom

of innocence! hast thou also perished a victim to the insatiate destroyer? How shall we all lament thee. I behold thy amiable family hang over thy grave in heart-broken despondency: I see tears glitter in the eyes of thy once-loved companions as they bid thee everlastingly farewell! as for me, all that once sweetened the fountain of existence, is no more, a draught of bitterness is all that remains, till, like thee, I sink also into the chill slumber from which nothing less than the voice of a Deity can awaken me. My soul recoiled within me at the picture I had drawn: it was too highly coloured for the weak vision of my intellect, and I turned my attention to that Being who alone can shed flowers in the pathway of misfortune, and instil into the mind those pleasing sensations, without which, the toilsomeness of our journey were insupportable.

THE SEALS.

"My bunch of seals," said I, "had been but slightly fastened to my ribbon by the lady who had presented them to me." As I addressed this to her father, who sat next me, I stole a look at Narcissa. She had hitherto been looking me full in the face, but now her eye fell upon the book she was holding in her hand. "As I moved hastily along," I continued, "by some mishap they were jolted from my fob, and I saw them no more." As I ejaculated this, a smile suffused the countenance of my beloved—it was like a soft swell upon a fine toned flute—it approached gradually to laughter, and then sunk gently back again into its primitive smile. I knew not whether to consider this as intended to cover the confusion which the mention of a

rival had occasioned, or as a triumph over the lost memorial of another, I was willing however to place it to the account of affection, (a mind circumstanced as mine was, seldom fails to persuade itself to that which is most consonant with its wishes) and I would not have been undeceived, though the vast treasures of India had been my recompense.

SORROW.

Sorrow, O child of mortality, hath heaven allotted unto thee as thy companion. Whether thou movest in the pathway of glory, or the secluded shades of private life; whether thou reclinest in the lap of affluence, or hast found thy habitation in the lowly cottage,—Sorrow, thy necessary attendant, is never far distant from thee. Ever at hand to surprise thee, she awaits thy departure from the doorway of festivity, and when the world seems most alluring to thy imagination, secretly watches an opportunity to shed her influence upon thee.

Man is ever apt to set too high a value upon his own fallible discernment, nor can the eloquence of the preacher, the arguments of the philosopher, or even his own dear-bought expe-

rience, convince him how incapable he is of providing for his own happiness, or of discovering what is most necessary to his welfare.

It is from this misplaced reliance in our reasoning faculties, it is from this arrogant self-dependance, that we murmur under the hand of our *Creator*. Could we for a moment, with justice on our side, question *his* goodness and benevolence, some excuse might be offered on our behalf; but, when his mercies are written in the heavens, when they descend with the rain upon our fields, when every breeze whispers to us the name and tenderness of our Maker, how unpardonable must be those ideas which would oppose our weak discernment to the omniscience of that Being to whom we are indebted for life itself, and every blessing we enjoy.

Every object in nature, to a reflective mind, presents a picture of the affection of God to man; the more deeply we examine, the more sensible do we become of his mercies, and of our own insufficiency to judge of them. Those things, which before investigation seemed in their own natures indifferent, are even prejudicial to mankind; have ever, upon due examination, presented something necessary to our enjoyment

of life, and often essential even to our existence. Is it then reasonable to except misfortune, since we cannot doubt the omnipotence of our universal Father, since, at his command, every misfortune incident to human nature, must cease for ever,—how can we but admit that all sublunary evils exist by his *permission?* And, if we reason thus, who can deny that it is our duty to submit to them with patience and resignation? Let us then humble our opinions of ourselves, and while we acknowledge our own blindness, with hearts grateful and resigned, confess his superior goodness who hath made nothing in vain.

Having thus endeavoured to prove the duty of resignation, let us next proceed to shew how this state of mind is to be acquired. And here it may not be amiss to examine the methods men usually adopt to set aside, or to overcome, their misfortunes: these appear to be three,—by forgetfulness, by philosophy, by religion; and, of all these, the most inefficacious is forgetfulness: it is, in truth, nothing more than procrastination of pain, to which the mind invariably returns with increased sadness, after having contemplated the gay objects it had conjured up for its own delusion.

That philosophy may, *in some measure*, blunt the arrows of misfortune, we cannot doubt; but years are required for its acquisition, and few minds are capable of entertaining it with sufficient confidence to overcome their calamities.

Which way then shall we turn but to religion?—it is the balsam that heals all human sorrows, and, though bad men would have us believe it surrounded with gloominess and melancholy, yet is in itself of such native loveliness, that, if we can be once brought to gaze upon it with earnestness and attention, so striking are its truths, so enchanting its beauties, that we can but exclaim—this, this is happiness: to thee will I fly in the hour of affliction. To the fool who cannot bear the weight of a serious reflection, religion may indeed appear clothed in terrors: the light of her countenance is too bright for the gaze of his weak vision; but to the wise and prudent, she is a kind friend and perpetual consolation: there is no grief so poignant that she cannot administer to it, nor any pleasure so elated that she cannot heighten it.

Examine the enjoyments of the man who flies from reflection. Are they not like the

passing of a meteor? One brilliant glance of intoxicating joy, and his soul sinks into its habitual darkness and desolation. How different are the gratifications of the children of piety, accustomed to consider themselves ever in the presence of the Deity: in their pleasures they outstep not the boundaries of prudence; and in their sorrows, find a consoling friend ever ready to pour that reviving balm into their hearts, which, while it disperses the shadows of darkness, beautifies their reflections with a perpetual sunshine. And here let me advise you when you seek religion, to let it be as a duty, in the exercise of which, you anticipate pleasure; not confusing your understandings with intricate points of faith, but comforting your souls by the practice of the duties which it enjoins: to these, alas! how many are there, whose whole lives are spent in learned disquisitions upon religion, who are almost entire strangers; and without these, all is of little avail. Teach then your hearts to be humble before God, and you shall find consolation. "Come to me," saith the Saviour of mankind, "and I will give you rest." Turn your steps into the pathway of humility: it is the way he hath trodden before

you,—follow him, and he will teach you that resignation which leadeth to eternal life. And remember, that "the eye of the Lord is ever upon them that fear him—upon them that hope in his mercy."

Humility, how lovely art thou! thy placidity and cheerfulness, thy calm endurance of the evils incidental to mortality, have all claims upon our reverence and admiration. When thou livest in prosperity, all virtuous men regard thee; and when thou smartest under the hand of adversity, what good man but hath a tear for thee?

BOADECEA.

Hark! the loud clangor of war! the shrill sound of the trumpet! Boadecea, queen of the Iceni, seeks the field. Behold her chariot: the sharp steel glitters at its side, and she leads forward the sons of Liberty to battle. She lifts the javelin of Freedom: it is pointed at the foe, and the glad hearts of her followers glow with hopes of victory. She has placed the daughters of Prasatagus before her, lovely are they as the sky of morning, when the first beams of day appear on the hill. She speaks and her voice, noble as the silver sound of the clarion, rouses her countrymen to deeds of glory and revenge.

Behold! men of my country, the proud foe is before ye—even Surtonius our enemy: his sword is dyed with the blood of innocency, and his soul fattened with the spoils of the field! Iceni, exult! for the hour of victory is nigh, already the red hand of the oppressor trembles before the glitter of our arms. Think on the time of our fathers, bear in mind the days when ye were nursed in their arms. Heard ye not then of the glories of their battles, and that the courage of woman led them forth to victory! Behold Britons, I claim your valour as my due! my tongue shall not tell what my fathers have done for you, neither shall it declare the brave deeds of my ancestors: my words shall not dwell on the power of my dominions, neither shall they be clamorous in boasting of my riches; as a fond mother of my country I come, to avenge the loss of her liberty, my own stripes, and the violated chastity of my children. Already have the gods declared for our cause: our enemies have fallen before us, or fled to the strong fortresses for protection. The proud foe will scarce endure the terror of our shouts, how then will they fly before the phalanx of liberty! Reflect, O ye children of freedom, on the hea-

viness of your yoke, and on the chains of your children; and in the valour of your hearts, shake your fetters to the ground. Ponder on the days yet hidden in the mist of futurity. If we conquer, the blessings of our progeny shall be on us; if we fly, the sons of coming days shall execrate our names. The hour of decision is come! Let every coward play with the fetters of slavery. The eyes of your sovereign shall behold the re-animation of liberty, or for ever close in the dark sleep of the grave. Forward, Britons, to victory or death!

POEMS.

LAYS OF THE VILLAGE.

Home of my childhood! in the museful hour,
When memory wakes, and fancy wanders free;
And gentlest visions o'er the mind have pow'r,
My freshened spirit fondly turns to thee.

Thy verdant vales, thy thyme-besprinkled hills,
The devious windings thro' thy woods I trace:
A tranquil feeling all my bosom fills,
Nor time, nor sorrow, can thy charms efface.

Still shines the sun upon thy peaceful breast,
And cherish'd friends, long lov'd, yet linger there:
Tho' more beneath the aged yew-tree rest,
Which spreads its branches near the house of prayer.

The eye that sparkled, and the cheek that smiled,
Are dim and withering, life's poor race is o'er;
The voice whose tale the winter's night beguiled,
Shall fall upon the list'ning ear no more.

But memory wakes remembrance of their mirth,
As erst, the happy circle do I see:
The turf-propped faggot blazes on the hearth,
And sheds its ruddy light on them and me.

Urged by a thirst for glory, valour leads
His slaught'ring thousands to their sanguine fame;
And poesy records the daring deeds,
Which shape the title to a hero's name.

And shall no chronicler memorial keep,
Of christian worth which lowlier hearts esteem?
Shall memory with their simple relics sleep?
Rise humble muse, be thine the grateful theme!

LAYS OF THE VILLAGE.

The Sabbath.

I sing the day of all the sev'n most blest,
To fashion, languor; but to labour, rest:
The day when cherub peace with healing wings,
The bliss of leisure to the village brings.
This peaceful morn, the step of orient light,
Treads joyful on the laggard heels of night;
For now the sweets of liberty impart
A brighter sunshine to the peasant's heart.
While yet the holly bears its crystals clear,
Behold the son of exercise appear,
To pace with anxious eye, and look profound,
The narrow precincts of his garden round.

Meantime, the busy housewife's ready zeal
Prepares within the Sabbath morning's meal,
Of broth, or milk, but if good times prevail,
Perchance a cup of cider or of ale.
The table spread, a happy father sees
His lisping offspring climbing to his knees,
And whilst his arms one infant prattler bear,
The simple group their homely viands share.
The moments ended of the brief repast,
The bitter hour of dire ablution's past,
With book in hand, and laughter in each eye,
Forth to their school the merry urchins hie;
Where one, an aged man, who knows to spell,
To read the scriptures, and to write, as well,
Smooths the white locks which deck his reverend head,
And hears due portions of the gospel read.
The hour for church arrives, and, two by two,
His infant *protegees* their way pursue,
And as they reach the venerable pile,
Assume their seats along the narrow aisle,

While in neat groups the villagers appear,
And take their station on the benches near.
The rural squire, perchance, for 'tis his due,
Enjoys the honour of a curtain'd pew;
The yeoman too, to please his Sunday's guest,
Has some slight privilege above the rest,—
An oaken panel carved in days long gone,
And hassock for his wife to kneel upon.
The preacher comes—no pompous priest is he,
But one whose life is all simplicity:
His hope to teach the erring soul to kiss
The avenging rod, and point the way to bliss.
The clerk, who sees his reverence at the door,
Now stops the bell which he has toll'd before,
Coils up the lengthened rope, and ready stands
To yield the surplice to the preacher's hands;
A hallowed silence reigns, the priest begins
To speak God's pardon for repented sins,
Absolves the penitent, and meekly prays
For heaven's forgiveness of man's erring ways.
The man of office next, with elbows squared,

Glances above to see that all's prepared;
Then gives aloud, with music on his tongue,
The psalm appointed to be said or sung.
The pray'rs for morning closed, the preacher next
Invokes his blessing, and gives forth his text.
To puzzle ignorance, perhaps averse,
(If the plain outline may be told in verse,)
He reasons thus:—Man should be taught to know
The blessings which God's bounteous hands bestow:
His mighty mandate gave thy organs sight
To view the varied beauties of the light:
He gave the tender nerve the power to feel,
Whence instant touch doth to the sense appeal:
For thy enjoyment too, he formed the power
To scent the perfume of the opening flower,
To taste of earth the life-infusing fruit,
And catch the nicest sound with sense acute.
But yet a greater, nobler gift is thine,
A living essence of the pow'r divine,—

A vestal spark of life that never dies,
Whose mounting thoughts can reach the boundless skies.
Death's grisly hand may lay the body low,
But man's ethereal soul evades the blow,
Disdains his sting, feels not his massive chain,
And seeks the realms of pleasure or of pain.
Condemn'd if he the paths of truth forget,
To linger thro' long ages of regret;
Or fondly clinging to a Saviour's love,
Blest with the rapture of the saints above.
Days of delight! still, still within my heart,
The simple truths I once so loved to hear,
With their o'er-pow'ring influence impart:
Tho' since I heard them many a rolling year,
Have dimm'd life's sunshine with forebodings drear;
And still in fancy do I mark the way
Down which the group on that thrice-hallow'd day
Pass'd from the house of God, with footsteps slow,
Into the sandy lane which wound below.

But now the sun has passed the middle sky,
And sheds his golden radiance from on high.
This day at least the choicest viand drest,
Smokes on the oaken table with the rest,
And eager eyes, and smiling looks reveal,
How health and hunger sweeten every meal;
An hour for converse, and the sacred fane
Receives the pious villagers again:
In solemn tone the vesper service read,
The anthem chanted, and the blessing said,
In meek and grateful silence they depart,
While heavenly fervour cheers each humble heart.

Ah, who the pleasures of the eve shall sing,
When all the balmy treasures of the spring,
From every hedge, in every lone retreat,
Exhale their odours at the wanderer's feet.
Think not, O wealth, that all the charms you see
On nature's face were only made for thee!
Little, I wot, the raptures they convey,
To those which cheer the poor man's holiday:

Behold him now, and all that claim his care,
Forth issuing the evening walk to share ;
A cleanly wife the younger babe sustains,
The next in age a father's grasp contains,
By turns it walks, by turns within his arms,
He gazes on the prattling infant's charms,
Parts its wild ringlets, and with home-felt bliss,
Prints on its glowing cheek affection's kiss,—
The rest in merry gambols run before,
And every well known bank and bush explore,
Cunning the bird's most secret ways to know,
Or where gay daffodils or violets blow.
Devious the walk, and as they listless stray,
Some neighbouring gossip comes perchance
that way ;
Then all the village news is canvass'd o'er,
And tales rehearsed, tho' often told before ;
What maid has learn'd to love instead of pray,
What farmer's horse or cow has gone astray ;
Who still upon the bed of sickness lies,
And with what holy faith the Christian dies ;

What births have happen'd, who shall next be wed,
Who since they met are number'd with the dead;
With thousand topics as they onward roam,
Till some secluded pathway brings them home.
Think not ye proud there is no joy in this,
As shadows light, so contrast heightens bliss;
The fetter'd slave, if Fate unlocks his chain,
Mad with delight, leaps wildly oe'r the plain;
And labour thus the pleasing rest receives,
Which tranquil leisure to his bosom gives.
But tho' staid quiet, elder folks may please,
Eve sheds her light on other joys than these.
The village maid, half wond'ring why she feels
Such inward throbbings, to the woodland steals:
Where one who loves her pauses oft to hear
The well known footstep fall upon his ear.
Sweet is the hour with cheering hope imprest,
When all the lover rises in his breast;
And she, confiding, owns with falt'ring voice
The future husband of her humble choice.

Unseen thro' meads and flow'ry walks they stray,
And dally evening's tranquil hours away;
Till all the landscape dims upon the sight,
And night's pale crescent sheds her milder light;
Yet lingering still he holds her to his heart,
Till prudence prompts, and with a sigh they part;
Then slowly homeward pensively she hies,
Calming those anxious thoughts that will arise:
And, as she lifts the latch, prepares to hear
The gentle chidings of a mother's fear:
Then joins the list'ning group, where each in turn,
Some hope to know, some sacred truth to learn,
Reads from the Book of Life with sober mind,
Of tender mercies which he hopes to find:—
Last comes the meek petition,—at the close
Each seeks the lowly pillow of repose.

Changed are these scenes, for busy time hath wrought
Full many a change since that thrice-happy day,
And wild philosophy, and anxious thought,
Have chased their meek simplicity away;
But such remembrance paints them, and we may
In memory's glass their tranquil reign renew:
The task is mine, and gratefully I pay
This simple tribute to their memory due.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

Now gloomy winter holds his reign,
And binds the lake in icy chain;
While brightly glows the cheerful fire,
My lowly muse shall wake the lyre,
And weave in softly flowing rhyme
The tale of summer's smiling time:
Tell of the lonely sylvan shade.
The mossy bank, the length'ning glade,
The verdant hill, the narrow dell;
For still fond fancy loves to dwell
On pleasures fled, as hoary age
Joys in his youthful pilgrimage.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

Morning.

Not yet the opening beams of light
Have chased the spangled train of night;
But still her distant meteors gleam
Along the heavens in silver stream;
And still in twinkling orbs on high,
Shed their mild splendour o'er the sky.
But mark! Aurora's blushing ray
First rises in the eastern way,
Fast flies around the trembling shade,
The gems of light successive fade,
Save one, the goddess' favorite star,
Which smiles in bright-eyed beauty still
Till Phœbus, in his blazing car,
Emerges o'er the eastern hill.

O now to climb the craggy height,
And view the quivering rays of light
That fall on mountain, glen, and tree,
Is sure the purest ecstacy.
The lucid clouds of morning now
Hang o'er the distant mountain's brow;
And wafted by the freshening gale,
Swift o'er the fertile country sail;
Till dropping down in dewy rain,
The crystal drops obscure the plain.
But hark! within yon briery brake
The warblings of the woods awake;
The speckled thrush, with echoing throat,
Strives with the blackbird's sweeter note;
The goldfinch too, with chirping lay,
Rivals the linnet on the spray;
And oft between their songs are heard
The 'plainings of the woodland bird:
The show'r descends,—on fluttering wings
Aloft in air the lark is borne,
And as he rises, sweet he sings,

To hail the morning's glad return;
Nor ceases he his blithsome strain
Till sinking to the earth again;
He sits beside his grassy nest,
With wearied wing and panting breast.
Come let us seek the silent shade
Where senseless grows the dewy blade,
Where as in morn of early spring,
The young eyed flow'rs are blossoming:
There, deep in nature's fragrant bow'r
That sparkles with the crystal show'r,
The wild rose still unfaded blooms,
The lily still the gale perfumes;
But see, from yonder woodland spot,
Where stands the chesnut shaded cot,
Round which in gay luxurious twine,
Curl the rich branches of the vine.
The lab'rer comes, with quick'ning tread
He hastens to the yellow mead;
The scythe across his shoulder hung,
On which his wooden keg is strung;

And stopping oft, with anxious gaze
His eye along the horizon strays,
To mark if dark'ning clouds arise,
Unwelcome to the summer skies.
When Phœbus at her window peeps,
The village maid no longer sleeps;
But, blushing like the op'ning rose
That blossoms in its natal soil,
She round her neck the kerchief throws,
And follows to the hay-field's toil.
Hark! 'tis the bell, the hour repeats,
Which calls me from those green retreats
To which my fancies ever cling,
Where memory, aye, is lingering.
Farewell then to the lowly dell,
The mossy bank, the rugged cell,
The grassy vale, the waving grove,
Where oft at morning's hour I rove;
Determined fate points out the way,
And I her vassal must obey.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

Noon.

Tis noon—look round—the landscape bright,
Beneath the sun's obscuring beam,
Shines one resplendant blaze of light:
Meet subject for the poet's theme.
Not now, as when the rising light
First dawn'd upon the eastern sky,
The lark ascends in devious flight,
Or west wind gently murmurs by;
But from on high the brilliant beam,
Parches the rolling mountain stream;

And the broad fields that 'neath it lie,
Tinctures with golden majesty.
On yonder hill the yellow ear
  Waves rip'ning to the frequent gale;
And brown the distant meads appear,
  Thick scatter'd o'er the fertile vale:
There mark the peasant labouring blythe,
With sturdy arm and glittering sythe;
While, underneath the shady tree,
Recline his infant family.
Oft do his boys with swelling pride,
  And mimic strength their playmates tell,
That they shall help their sire beside,
  One day to mow the mead as well:
And oft his girls, whose cheeks embrown'd
  Are flush'd with health's enliv'ning glow,
Loiter the fragrant hay-field round,
  To cull the flow'rs that fairest blow.
And mark the titt'ring village maid
  Lean on her rake, while standing by

The youth, his arduous task delay'd,
Breathes in her ear "the soul-felt sigh."
How kindly nature hath bespread
Her leafy verdure o'er the grove,
To shade the shepherd's weary head,
And form his canopy above.
There, on the hill, beneath the bough
Of yon tall beech, he sits to 'tend
His flock that peaceful graze below,
Or round the hill their courses bend:
Lightly he spends life's fitful hour,
Nor listen to the voice of care;
But sings within his shady bow'r
As naught but rest and peace were there.
Where coolest fans the whispering breeze
Thro' the rich foliage of the trees;
At intervals is heard the blow
Which lays the forest's monarch low:
There the industrious woodman plies
From morn till evening shades the skies;

And ever and anon beneath
His tottering victim's aged shade,
He pauses to regain his breath,
Or sharpen his unerring blade.
Behold to yonder rushy brook
The drowsy cattle have betook,
To cool the raging heat they bear,
And bathe their limbs in lux'ry there.
Now love I lonely to recline
Where woodbines round the boughs entwine;
And the young ivy, darkly green,
Its viny tendrils hangs between;
Where nature hath her moss o'erspread,
To form a pillow for my head;
And underneath my feet the wave
Winds gently on its pebble course,
Till ruder rocks its waters lave,
And rush aside with headlong force:
There would I rest the livelong day,
And dream my waking cares away.

But mine may not be peace and rest,
'Tis will'd, 'tis register'd in heaven,
With sorrows fatal seal imprest,
And to the hand of fate 'tis giv'n.
Rest then my soul 'till brighter days
Shine in eternal beams of bliss;
Nor hope for rapture's lasting rays
In worlds as cold, as drear as this.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

Evening.

When the faint sunbeams gild the west,
When the hoarse raven seeks her nest,
When the blithe milkmaid warbles sweet,
  The tale of love in unscann'd rhyme,
When neighbouring gossips throng the street,
  Begins mild ev'ning's sober time:
And first the mountain, pale and blue,
Th' horizon of the varied view
Attracts the eye; along its sides
The golden ray of evening glides,
Deep shedding o'er the pillar'd sky
Its streaming tints of vermeil dye.

Oft have I watch'd the close of day,
When her faint beams expiring shone,
And gaz'd upon the heavenly way,
'Till ev'ry tie of earth seem'd gone,
And my freed soul, in wanton flight,
To hover round the glorious light.
Now in the air disporting free,
The light-wing'd insect nation see,
Full often doom'd to fall a prey
Where the pied swallow skims its way;
Within the bush, or on the tree,
Hear'st thou the thrush's minstrelsie;
And that sweet lark to whom is given
To chaunt his vesper song to heaven.
Where browze the cattle on the plain,
The cowherd's voice is heard again;
Up-rising, and without delay,
Instant his charge that call obey,
And round the heathy hillock wind,
While playfully he lags behind,

'Till bordering on the daisied green
The rustic residence is seen;
Where leaning on the open'd gate,
He sees th' impatient master wait,
And, reading anger in his face,
Changes respectfully his pace:
Across the moor, and o'er the plain,
The wearied hinds return again.
The frequent laugh which rends the air
Proclaims the bosom free from care;
Content to labour, and be blest
With homely meal and early rest.
Where smoothly rolls the river's stream,
Enliven'd by the evening beam;
The angler stands with baited hook
To tempt the tenant of the brook;
Now plies he with the silken fly,
Of artful form and varied dye,
Then, twining round the barbed snare,
Torments the reptile worm must bear;

He heeds them not, but tries till night
Fresh schemes to tempt the appetite;
What rapture sparkles in his eyes
As forth he draws the finny prize;
He views it bleeding gasp for breath,
And triumphs as it tastes of death.
As falls the eve, within the fold
The shepherd's fleecy charge are told;
And see the bat in devious flight
(Dark herald of approaching night,)
Unfolds in air his leathern wings,
And hark! 'tis Philomela sings
Sweetly, in melancholy lay,
Her farewell to declining day;
Soon shall night spread her curtain o'er
And modest evening reign no more.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMER.

Night.

The gentle evening lingers still,
High on the brow of western hill,
As if she lov'd to stay behind,
And softly soothe the pensive mind:
But who is that in shadowy car,
When the last ray of twilight dies,
That lights the blue ethereal star,
And tints with sombre hue the skies:—
'Tis night, from gloomy chaos sprung,
When first this rolling world was young;
O'er heav'n she throws her dark'ning veil,
And bids the orb of lustre pale

Shed o'er the hill her welcome ray,
To cheer the traveller's lonely way.
Cynthia! fair queen of silver light,
I love to watch thy dawning beam,
When first it rises on the sight,
And gilds the bosom of the stream:
O then 'tis sweet alone to stray
Where the eddying waters play;
Where the high o'erhanging steep
Beetles above the boundless deep;
Or where reflection takes her seat,
Deep in the woodland's green retreat;
But most where rolls the torrent wide
Adown the wild rock's craggy side.
Oh! there are balmy hours of bliss,
That recompence an age of care;
And such a soothing hour is this,
When smiles of peace the heavens wear.
See faintly o'er yon distant hill
The rising ray of azure hue;

It brighter glows—now brighter still,
One cloudless light of purest blue.
Through the dark firs on yonder brow,
Seest thou the smiling crescent peep;
And in her silver chariot, now
Night's queen ascend the spangl'd steep?
Now is it sweet to take our way
Beside the river's rippling stream;
And, as alone we musing stray,
To cheer our hearts with hope's fond dream;
Or where the mould'ring wall decays,
To pace the desolated aisle;
And, while we think on other days,
To catch the gentle moonbeam's smile.
Now dance the meteors o'er the heath,
Or hang above the dang'rous swamp;
Pointing the wanderer's road to death:
And now is seen the glow-worm's lamp,
Sparkling with self-emitted light,
Bright only in the reign of night.

Here might the muse, affrighted, sing
Of deeds that shun the eye of day;
Where Satan spreads his crimson'd wing,
And list'ning murderers wait their prey.
Unskill'd such sanguine tale to tell;
To peace and love her numbers swell.
Mark with what light enraptur'd tread
The lover hastens o'er the mead,
To steal a kiss—to heave a sigh,
Unseen by envy's blasting eye;
To whisper the inspiring tale,
Secluded in the breezy vale;
Or seated in the flowery grove,
Drink deep the joys of virtuous love:—
Heart-thrilling joy, of all supreme,
To which all others are a dream.
Hail friendly night! the bliss I taste
When thou hast shaded o'er the sky,
Shall be in mem'ry's volume placed,
When youth's wild transports are gone by;

And should misfortune's current flow,
Calm thoughts of thee shall soothe my woe;
For there are scenes in sorrow's hour,
On which rememb'rance loves to dwell;—
The lonely grove, the well-known tower,
The oft-climb'd hill, the peaceful dell:
Then when I muse on pleasures fled,
And dream those raptures o'er again,
The tender tear of memory shed,
Shall ease the throe of present pain.
O Memory! by Omniscience given,
The child of sorrow to befriend;
Peculiar gift of bounteous Heaven,
Do thou upon my steps attend.
Blest privilege, whene'er I rove
To high estate, or low degree,
Be mine the various joys to prove
Which virtue tastes, inspired by thee.

NORBITON.

SEASON, *Spring;*—TIME, *Morning; before and after Sunrise.*

Mother of peace, retirement blest,
Awhile receive thy pensive guest;
Nor let unhallow'd feet invade
These haunts of silence and of shade.
This sacred hour doth heaven decree,
Blest goddess! to the muse and thee;
The muse, who, when the queen of light
Silvers the shadowy wings of night,
Best loves within thy glades to stray,
And chaunt her happy roundelay,
As with delighted step she roves
Thy flowery walks, thy echoing groves;

Or with sublime reflection dwells
Within thy grottos' rustic cells.
Enchanted scenes! where some believe
The lightsome fairies dance at eve,
When daylight's trembling glories die,
And soft vermillion streaks the sky.
Ah! little dream the thoughtless crowd,
The gay, the vulgar, and the proud,
Of tranquil joys so calm, so sweet,
As those the musing poet greet;
While thro' the hour of midnight dim,
Unseen he chaunts his lonely hymn
To that great *Cause*, whose high behest
The WOND'ROUS WHOLE in beauty drest;
The earth beneath, the heaven above,—
Glory! Sublimity! and Love!
Thrice-hallow'd goddess! still with me,
Thy faithful votary, deign to be,
As o'er these beauties wandering,
By turns their changeful charms I sing;

Till rosy-footed morn appear
Once more the waking world to cheer.
Oh! he that could yon moonbeam view,
Reflected on those waters blue,
Thro' yonder graceful arch descried,
Which sweeps above the silvery tide,
And listen to that thrilling tone
The nightingale pours forth alone
In sad'ning strain, yet feel unmov'd,
Is sure unloving and unlov'd:
Blest tears which pity's eyes bedim,
Soft sympathies are not for him:
In duller tides his feelings flow,
Untouch'd by aught but selfish woe:
To gentler souls the power is given
On earth to taste the joys of heaven,
From crowds and vulgar noise to fly,
And converse with the Deity.
Come thou, who canst thy couch forego,
Foretaste of heaven's delights to know,

Tenant with me this peaceful cell,
And hear the tuneful Philomel—
There, where the willow forms a shade,
She sings her trembling serenade;
Note after note successive sent
Across the wavy element;
Yet as the sound in distance dies,
You hear repeated echoes rise,
Like scenes of that transporting pain,
Which memory oft repeats again.

How oft when all is hush'd in sleep,
Would I my watchful musings keep,
Here, where the wall-flow'rs clustering
bloom,
Yields to the breeze its sweet perfume;
And I might hear within that cell
The droppings of the crystal well,
As bead succeeding bead they fall,
From the fantastic mossy wall.

Thus the uncertain human race,
Like falling drops, each other chace;
Awhile they meet the mortal eye,
Then mingle with eternity.
Behold yon little craggy height,
Where falls the moon's uncertain light:—
Its ragged base the water laves;
Soft verdure on its summit waves;
Whilst viny plants that love the tide,
Curl down its flow'r-besprinkled side.
But come, to yonder summit haste,
Fresh joys to prove, new charms to taste;
For see, mysterious night retires
With all her awe-inspiring fires;
While rising morn salutes the sight,
In robes of dazzling gold bedight;
Swift o'er the heavens what beauties fly,
As Sol, impatient, mounts the sky;
While earth puts on her emerald vest,
And day's bright empire stands confess'd.

So when chill death, at heaven's decree,
Sets the eternal spirit free;
As earth's uncertain shades she leaves,
Her eye the dazzling truth receives,
While from the Almighty's throne on high
Beam peace, and love, and purity!
Hail to thee! life-infusing light,
That doth th' enraptured eye invite,
Untired to rove the verdant scene,
O'er earth's gay charms of cheerful green,
Now smiling in their full array,
In honour of the tuneful May:
Where thy first beams their lustre shed
Upon the lily's bending head,
And on the dewy blossoms shine
Of the sea-pink and columbine,
Will I the fleeting hour improve,
And tune my happy lyre to love!
Can human eye those tints behold,
Of azure blue, of burnish'd gold,

Of every hue the shower displays,
Illumin'd by the solar blaze,
And not with eyes enraptured dwell
Upon each flow'ret's opening bell?
Ah surely not! but if there be
A soul so void of ecstacy;
So dull to feel, so slow to live,
Not Paradise could rapture give:—
Cold heart, I thee commiserate;
To me it seems the milder fate
Eternally to cease to be,
Than live inanimate as thee.
Thy grateful sweets, enliv'ning Spring,
I feel the ambrosial zephyr bring;
Thy budding flow'rs on every tree,
Awaking into life I see;
Whilst lively songs, which nature cheer,
Amid thy leafy bowers I hear;
The early lark begins the strain,
And every songster on the plain,

Soon as the inspiring summons rings,
To heaven in hymning chorus sings.
Ye who the midnight revel wake,
Draughts of convulsive joy to take,
Or from the wanton's loveless lip
The dew of damning pleasures sip,
To soothing peace perversely blind,
Ye leave the balmiest cup behind.
Give me amid these bower's to stray,
And meditate my cares away;
While in each op'ning flow'r I prove
Some object of eternal love!
Behold what blending tints unite
To give the wondering eye delight;
The young laburnam's yellow bloom,
The lofty lilac's purple plume,
The hawthorn white, (in whose retreat
The bullfinch sings his ditty sweet;)
The iris blue, and op'ning bell
Of the day-blooming asphodel;

The marygold, of shining hue,
Anemone begem'd with dew;
The rocket white, the crimson rose
Who 'gins her lavish sweets disclose,
While, as the soft'ning blush appears
Still lovelier thro' those pearly tears,
All mark her proud majestic mien,
And hail the summer's peerless queen.
Thus, when the flush of ripening years
First on the virgin's cheek appears,
When sunny smiles her love bespeak,
And charms new-mantling grace her cheek,
From their full blaze we turn in vain,
And gaze! then turn to gaze again!
Now damsel, all the world to thee
Is festive mirth, and revelry;
Thy name adorns the poet's lays,
And every tongue proclaims thy praise;
Even envy with forbidding eye,
Owns thy perfections with a sigh:

But trust not thou the flattering tale,
Nor let the glittering cheat prevail,
Alas! the rosy charms you wear,
Should but augment your watchful care;
The flower which most delights our eyes,
Is soonest pluck'd and soonest dies!
But let me not thy charms forget
Thou modest seeming violet,
That, like the unassuming maid,
Contents thee with the humble shade;
Pleased underneath some leaf to lie
Securely hid from vulgar eye.
Thus *she* who flies the world's applause
To life's serener shades withdraws,
Where shelter'd from the driving storm,
Fearless she rears her gentle form;
While all around her charms confess
Her modesty, and loveliness!
Come let us sit beneath the shade
By th' o'erhanging woodbine made;

Where humming bees, with mournful sound,
The honey-dew collect around;
Where, sparkling in the sunny ray,
The fountain's ceaseless waters play,
Which art hath taught by hidden spell
To flow from out the Triton's shell.
Here could I sit throughout the day
And sing thy sweets, delighting May,
Or my reflective thoughts engage,
Shakespeare, with thy inspiring page,
Till evening's tints of softening light
Mellow'd again the landscape bright;
And each successive hour would seem
The raptures of a fairy dream.
Children of avarice, count your store
Of glittering wealth and wish for more;
Son of ambition, count the hour
Which fills thy grasping hand with pow'r;
Thro' varying life, where'er I rove,
Still shall my soul look back with love

On scenes that peaceful life adorn,
On blooming flowers which bear no thorn;
While I my passing woes beguile
With memory's tranquillizing smile,
And, as I cheat the ling'ring pain,
In fancy tread those shades again.

ODE

On the uncertainty of wealth and honours, and the pleasures of retirement.

When whispering faint the winds of eve,
  Proud Thames, thy silver breast invade,
Be mine their coolness to receive,
  Beneath some aged oak tree's shade;
Or, silent Ham, thy groves among,
To listen to the blackbird's song,
Where he sweetly pours his strain
Thro' the spring's melodious reign.
Mark! what various ills betide
Sateless avarice and pride;

Watchful care, the first annoying,
Every sweet of life destroying,
Tremblingly he eyes his store,
All his wishes bent on more;
Angry fate denies the prize,
Hopeless avarice droops and dies!
And thou, O pride, of ills the worst,
Pompous, peevish, self-accurst,
Every glance of man's disdain,
Every simper yields thee pain;
Should clouds of poverty invade,
Thou diest beneath their honest shade.
In tranquil meads, umbrageous bowers,
Mossy banks bedeck'd with flowers,
Verdant fields, and woodland ways,
Where the flock for shelter strays;
Scenes which th' Almighty's hands adorn,
Blooms life's rose without its thorn.
Hail, retirement! suited best
With lone solitude and rest:

He who flies the pomp of pow'r
To woo thee in thy peaceful bow'r,
Plants his joys where worldly ill
Never may their blossoms chill.
Spring, when first he pays his vows,
Twines a chaplet for his brows;
Summer, woods his steps invite,
Where the cooling gales delight;
Juicy Autumn, on the tree
Hangs the fruits of luxury;
Even Winter, cold and chill,
Hollow howling from the hill,
Tho' she bid his steps retire,
Trims *within* the blazing fire.
Reflection now his thoughts engage
As he turns th' historic page;
Or the extatic bliss receives,
Which poesy or music gives.
And mark, where social friends at night
Meet around the cheerful bowl,

Every eye with rapture bright,
Joy inspiring every soul;
Friendship here untaught to feel
Custom's manacles of steel;
Cheerfulness with health combined,
Shedding sunshine o'er the mind:
Pleased, and striving all to please,
These are raptures, only these
Give to life that rapt'rous zest
Which fills the heart with love and rest.

FAIRY GLEE.

The moon shines bright on Cathrine's tower,
And the night is still and clear;
Hark! from the still shades of the myrtle bower,
The elfin lay I hear!
Now, while the dews of heaven descend
On the green sward's velvet way,
In many a round their light footsteps they bend,
Till peeps the morning ray.

SONG.—*Recitative.*

Hail, smiling morn! thy pensive mien,
Thy beaming light, thy ray serene,
Are welcome to the elfin throng,
For now, the dewy mead along,
We'll chaunt our merry moonlight song.

AIR.

1st Sylph.

Sisters, come with me, we'll stray
To the margin of the wave,
And, with young eyed flow'rets gay,
Deck the slumbering sailor's grave.

2nd Sylph.

I to the lonely woodland hie,
To hear the lover's flattering tale,
To play in the beams of the maiden's eye,
And sing as I float on the balmy gale.

3rd Sylph.

Who seeks with me the mountain's side,
With phrensied Marian to abide,
To weave in locks her flowing hair
That waves upon the zephyr's wings,
To catch her looks of wild despair,
And hear the plaintive song she sings.

CHORUS.

Sisters of air, to your revels away,
Till the herald lark warbles approaching day;
Then, deep in the verdant greenwood bow'r,
We'll sleep in the shade of the violet's flow'r;
Now, o'er the mountain, the forest, and dell,
We'll revel till echoes the morning bell.

EXTEMPORE ANSWER

To a poetical invitation to take wine after dinner on the first day of the week.

And would'st thou lead from wisdom's way
Two of heaven's chosen flock astray,
And tempt them, sabbath-breaking sinner,
To drink like heathens after dinner?
Poor unredeemed, rejected creature,
How great's thy wickedness by nature;
O that Religion's ray would warm thee!
We'll come however *to reform thee.*

A FESTIVE ODE.

Bring hither, dame, the christmas log,
And throw it on the fire,
Lest with our blood our senses clog,
And mirth and wit expire.
The freezing snow is drifted fast,
The traveller shrinks beneath the blast;
Then fill the bowl! let rosy wine
Bright in the sparkling goblet shine.

Come friends, to night leave care behind,
The thorny path forsake,
Let Bacchus banish thoughts unkind,
And brightest visions wake.

Our souls shall laugh in festive joy,
Dear woman be no longer coy,
Farewell to sorrow and to pain,
Come kiss! and drink! and kiss again.

The wind which blows so loud and shrill
Can never reach us here,
Nor worldly griefs, nor worldly ill,
While thus our hearts we cheer.
Then fill the sparkling bowl again,
Already I the world disdain,
My mounting thoughts shall reach the skies,
And to the heav'ns in triumph rise!

POESY.

Hath the dream of romance ere o'ershadow'd thy brain?
Hath the poet's lov'd lyre by thy fingers been strung?—
Thou may'st ne'er sing the ditty of feeling again,
And that lyre from thy side may be heedlessly flung;

But the fervour which prompted will be with thee still,
And often at eve in the woodland alone,
Or at morn's early prime as thou climbest the hill,
Thou wilt think with a sigh on the days that are gone.

Oh! the visions of mem'ry are sweet to the soul,
When they picture the season of youthful delight,
The dawning of manhood that brooks not control
And hope, cheering ev'ry dim prospect with light.

When the gay reign of summer invites thee to roam,
Tho' thou mourn'st that the fairy-wov'n charm would not last,
O'er thy spirit the musings of fancy will come
Like soft strains which awaken fond thoughts of the past.

THE MOONLIGHT HOUR.

(Fairy Song.)

Come spirits, with me to the mountain away,
Till our green robes are tinged with the morning's first ray;
The low-sighing zephyr shall fan our retreat,
And the flow'rs as we dance shall spring forth at our feet:
To man be the sunlight—to fairies a dow'r
More blessed, more enchanting, the moonlight hour.

But the elfin alone shall not taste the delight
Which breathes o'er the hill in the still summer's night,
The friendless, the woe-worn, unbidden may rove,
The scoff of the heartless, the victim of love,
Tho' he pluck the sad cyprus, yet scorn the gay flow'r,
He shall share the delights of the moonlight hour.

The lover who flies from his pillow of rest
To mingle his sighs with the maid's he loves best,
The poet, whose soul ev'ry beauty can feel,
May drink deep of the bliss which that hour can reveal;
But guilt, tho' he wear the rich ermine of pow'r,
Shall ne'er know the joys of the moonlight hour.

Away to the mountain,—the blue star is high,
And the planet we love hath illumined the sky;
The owl from his nest is beginning to peep,
And the butterfly lies in the myrtle asleep;
Where our sisters are watching the silver dew's
show'r,
With revels we'll welcome the moonlight hour.

ANACREONTIC.

Wake Narcissa, ever dear!
On the briar hangs the tear;
Blooming roses, blushing fair,
Gayest tints of summer wear;
Twining jas'mines mingling grow;
Myrtles balmy odours throw;
Thro' the mazy wood we'll stray,
O'er the craggy mountain's way,
Underneath the rugged steep,
Where the winding waters creep,

And when noontide's sultry beam
Heats the clear pellucid stream,
In the deep umbrageous shade
Which the western winds invade,
By the envious eye unseen,
In the length'ning vista green,
Will we tenderly recline,
All my hopes, my wishes thine!
Wake Narcissa! haste to prove
Ecstacies of ardent love!

THE SMILE OF GOOD NATURE.

(Acrostic)—To Miss C. F.

"Come teach me," quoth woman, "a charm to
provide,
"Above all the rest which the heart can enthrall;"
Reflection consulting, experience replied,
"O the smile of good nature surpasses them all.
"Like the meteor, wit dazzles awhile with its
fires,
"In her bloom but a season proud beauty
appears;
No charm but the smile which good nature in-
spires,
Endures in its sweetness the winter of years.

A MORNING IN MAY.

'Tis rapture's hour—the sparkling morn
  Lifts up the rosy light of day,
Whilst zephyr, on the young breeze borne,
  Kisses the blooming flow'rs of May.
No cloud obscures th' horizon clear,
  The dew-drop glitters on the tree,
With sunny light, like rapture's tear,
  Thro' which she glances mirthfully.
To gaze upon the painted mead,
  To mark the windings of the rill,
To roam where whistling shepherds feed
  Their flocks upon the thymy hill;
This, this is joy the heart to fill,
  Its tranquil pleasures why forego,

Come forth, and feel the grateful thrill
That in the soul of love must glow.
Music more sweet than measured strain
From nature's thousand voices rises,
Yet sweeter echoes o'er the plain
The ear at ev'ry turn surprises;
The rook's hoarse voice, the small bird's song,
The mellow humming of the bee,
Are heard the woodland path along,
To blend in pleasing harmony;
The perfume of the hawthorn tree
The sweeter scent of springing flowers,
And sparkling light and minstrelsie,
Conspire to charm day's earlier hours.
Stay not the fountain of thy bliss,
But let th' inspiring tide run free;
If there be rapture it is this,
The donor is THE DEITY!

TO * * * *

Hail favor'd of the tuneful muse!
  Well pleased I mark thy rising fame;
Nor thou these honest lines refuse,
  Which breathe a welcome to thy name.
I would not wear a flatt'rer's shame,
  With praise unmeet my verse imbrue;
Or offer, if thou might'st not claim,
  A tribute to thy genius due.

Wealth, without worth, I hold in scorn,
  Have not a servile lie to give,
Where power, by her slaves upborne,
  In sycophantic state doth live:
But genius shall my praise receive,
  I will pay homage at her shrine,
And with delight a chaplet weave,
  Around her sacred brows to twine.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PRACTICE OF PEACE.

(An unfinished Poem by the Author.)

O ye, who know to wake at that still hour
When contemplation reigns with magic pow'r,
Her silent musings o'er the soul to cast,
And waken dreary visions of the past;
When sighs of woe pervade th' o'erburthened
breast,
And conscience sinks with its own weight
oppress;
When heartless avarice learns at length to sigh,
And the tear stands in proud ambition's eye;
When pleasure feels that all her joys are vain,
And faintly sees the bliss she might attain:

Attend my song, nor deem that wilful fate,
Thy heart to sorrow doth predestinate ;
With partial hand alloting woe and bliss,
That man to misery—to enjoyment, this.
No high-flown doctrines shall my numbers teach,
Which fools believe, and frantic zealots preach.
The ways of peace I sing, nor idly dream,
For common sense inspires the willing theme.

INVOCATION TO PEACE.

Daughter of piety, and friend of truth,
Whose placid smile th' o'erburthened breast
can soothe,
The pure delights of sacred love augment,
And cheer the humble bosom with content.
Without thee, learning opes her stores in vain,
Labour is sorrow, and profusion pain,
Each hour with fearful retrospection fraught,
Or hopeless future fills the sickening thought.
Beloved of heaven! whose hallowed reign
was sung, *
When earth and skies with Jesu's mission
rung;

* Luke II, xiv.

Now, when the man of quietness has fled, *
And discord rears aloft her hated head,
With lying lips the fondest friends to part,
And strangle pleasure ere it reach the heart;
Whispers of truth to drown with clamorous din,
And sink the fallen soul in deeper sin;
Do thou illume our path with steady ray,
Direct our footsteps, and delight our way.

* Micah VII, ii.

TO TIME.

Alas! old time, how swift thy wing
Moves in the spring-time of our bliss,
When rapture's flow'rs are blossoming,
And joy invites us with her kiss.

Thy tardy pinion, ah! how slow,
Thy welcome flight, how long delayed,
When come the envious clouds of woe
To dim our prospects with their shade.

A fig, old grey-beard, for thy hate,
Ev'n as you list, or go, or stay,
For resignation mocks at fate,
And thou must even fate obey.

TO MARY.

Mary dear! wilt thou but love me
Tenderly as I love thee,
By that pow'r that sits above me,
Faithful to that love I'll be:
Wealthier suitors may address thee,
Men of brighter talents bow,
But not one, whose love can bless thee,
More than his who woos thee now.

If inconstantly I leave thee,
While thy heart to mine is true,
May my fairest hopes deceive me,
And each bliss elude my view;
May the lamp with pleasure lighted,
Near me ever cease to burn;
May my fondest wish be blighted,
And thy woes on me return.

When the charms which nature gave thee
Shall, like others' charms, be flown,
(Fate from which no art can save thee,)
Shall my love be fullest shewn;
In the hour of sickness, near thee,
When thy sorrows sink thee low,
Will I be at hand to cheer thee,
And with love assuage thy woe.

Should prosperity shine on me,
Thou shalt bask beneath its ray;
Should misfortune frown upon me,
Thou canst chace my cares away.
Mary dear, wilt thou but love me
Tenderly as I love thee,
By that pow'r that sits above me,
Faithful to that love I'll be.

COME TWINE THE WREATH.

Come twine the wreath of flowery May,
And place it in the shade;
Let rapture sportive lead the way,
And new-blown chaplets braid;
Delusive fancy, be thou there
With thy inviting visions fair,
And bring that ever welcome guest—
Hope, who shall cheat the tedious day,
And wear the pensive hours away,
By sorrow's hand imprest.

Such pleasing pictures let me see
As early life could paint,
Friendship from sordid interest free,
And love without restraint;
Honour, and heaven-beaming truth,
Unbitten by detraction's tooth,
Nor withering envy, nor despair,
Nor wrath, nor self-consuming pride,
Nor jealousy with hell allied,
Nor avarice, were there.

Ah happy days! enraptured still
A trembling glance I cast,
When memory cheats prevailing ill
With visions of the past.
O come anticipation sweet,
I bend me at thy sacred feet;
Bid all thy flattering train appear,
Fame, with her loud resounding breath,
Love, with triumphant rosy wreath,
This amorous heart to cheer.

Come twine the wreath of flowery May
And place it in the shade,
Where chesnut blossoms deck the spray,
And fresh'ning winds invade ;
Where, sheltered from the furious beam,
Low bending o'er the sedgy stream,
The fragrant cowslip scents the gale,—
Let music strike her golden lyre,
My glowing thoughts to heaven aspire,
And dreams of bliss prevail.

TO MISS GEORGINA BRIGSTOCK.

What heightens the charms that are given
To infancy's innocent cheek?
'Tis the eye when up-raised to our father in heaven,
And the accents which gratitude speak.

What adorns the gay summer of youth?
What affords to the aged delight?
'Tis the heart that receives the bright maxims of truth,
And the head which determines aright.

Ere the tear of affliction shall flow,
Ere the feelings of innocence cease,
Let Georgina her thoughts on religion bestow,
And her tranquil reward shall be peace.

SONNET

On a Sky-lark shot in the month of April, 1818.

April in smiles had clad the rosy morn,
The brilliant east unbar'd her golden gate,
Aloft in air the flutt'ring lark was borne,
And sang unconscious of approaching fate.
With eager eye the watchful gunner stood,
And mark'd the warbler as he wing'd his way
In wanton flights above the waving wood,
Chaunting loud welcomes to the op'ning day.
He sunk, and hov'ring o'er his grassy nest,
Hail'd his lov'd offspring with a father's pride;
The fatal tube was level'd at his breast,
And near his young the bleeding parent died.
Reflect, O man!—as soon death's certain dart,
Unheeding thee or thine, may pierce thy bounding heart.

TO MARY.

Say what is love, which can control
The loftiest and the stormiest soul,
Change fools to sages, and can make
Ev'n sages fools for woman's sake.

Say what is love, for thou must know,
Tho' from its chains thou may'st be free,
Since all I have, or ever had,
My Mary, still remains with thee.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

(To the Queen.)

Though poesy is out of date
In this *reforming* nation,
And the poor Muses have of late
Had little occupation.

Though he who fans Parnassian fire,
For want of work grows thinner;
And Dan Apollo's pawn'd his lyre
To buy himself a dinner;

And I (who whilome sung of kings,
And queens, and lords, and ladies,)
Have left the Heliconian springs,
So profitless the trade is.

Yet since ye long have niggard been
Of all your bright revealings,
Aid me, ye nine! to Britain's queen
To tell a Briton's feelings.

Not mine the strain the laureat sings,
With pliant flatt'ry in it;
But from an honest heart it springs,
Th' effusion of a minute.

And so, heav'n bless your majesty,
Now thirty-nine's completed;
And grant that ye may live to see
That thirty-nine repeated.

Pleasure, and pageantry, and pow'r,
May please us for a season;
And even monarchs own the hour
When conscience wakens reason.

It whispers in the ear of pride,
"Wealth's but of Fortune's giving;"
It asks, nor will it be denied,
"For what have we been living?"

Happy the heart that can reply,
With conscious guilt unshaken,
"To dry the tear in misery's eye,
"And comfort the forsaken;

"To silence bickering and strife,
"To break the bondman's fetter,
"To lead a pure unblemish'd life
"With hopes to find a better."

None but your majesty can say,
(So strange the lines I send you,)
Whether the verses of my lay
Do censure or commend you.

They are not penn'd in courtly mode,
Or English, French, or German;
For I, instead of birth-day ode,
Have given you a sermon.

But blessings on your bonny smile,
I once beheld the blink on't;
Such never sprang from breast of guile,—
It warms my heart to think on't.

Long may the deeds good men approve,
In our affections raise ye;
So shall the people own their love,
And future ages praise ye.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

'Twas night, deep night! and the hour
of fear,
With no friendly star its gloom to cheer;
The wind was hush'd, and the wave was still,
And the falling dew of the clime was chill;
But bright was the distant city's glare,
For frantic mirth held her revels there.

And the murderer sought, with guilty fear,
The silent gloom of the suburb near;
And, urg'd by the prince of darkness, crept
To the couch where the infant Hebrew slept,

If it perish'd not by woman's hand;
For the curse of crime filled the fated land.*
But one voice arose in the silence deep,
Where a mother watch'd her infant's sleep; †
Which lay in the ark which her hand had wove,
With the anxious care of a mother's love; ‡
She imprinted, with feelings no tongue could speak,
One farewell kiss on her baby's cheek;
Then forth with a hurried step she hied
To the sedgy banks of the Nile's broad tide.
Cautious yet swift was her fearful tread,
As one elder child in her hand she led,
And many and wild were the looks she cast,
As the slumbering guard on her way she past;
But she stay'd not, till fast by the river's side,
The ark of her sleeping babe was tied.

* For an account of the bondage of, and cruelties practised upon the Israelites, see Exodus, Chap. I.

† The Mother of Moses. ‡ See Exodus, Chap. II, v. 3.

She has left with the faith of one holy
pray'r
The infant deliverer of Israel there;
And that sacred faith hath hush'd the fear
Of the Hebrew child that watches near, *
Till the rising light of the morn shall see
How boundless the mercies of God can be.

* * * * *

* See Exodus, Chap. II, v. 4.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF * * * *

Hark! 'tis the solemn toll,
  Which mourns a spirit fled;
Peace to the Christian's soul,
  Who mingles with the dead!
Not mine the servile strain
  That changes with the tide;
Or woe, which man can feign,
  To please a nation's pride.
Untaught these griefs to know,
  I mark life's shorten'd span;
And mourn, whilst tears of feeling flow,
  A brother and a man.

The awful cannon's roar
With solemn dirge may blend;
The martial sound no more
Shall wake the soldier's friend:
His was the gen'rous heart,
By filial duty warm'd;
His was the noble part,
Which promis'd and perform'd:
Praise ye, who know to praise
As servile spirits can;
I weep, as on his bier I gaze,
A brother and a man.

Hush thou unmeaning peal,
The soul thou canst not move;
The heart alone can feel
For those who claim its *love!*
Mortal, the man I mourn,
Had failings such as thine;

Sorrow, and love, and scorn,
Shall mingle at his shrine.
Art thou from failings free,
A prince's frailties scan;
But lowly Christian, mourn with me,
A brother and a man.

PATRONAGE.

O patronage! how potent is thy sway,
How dost thou lead our judgment by the nose;
Thou mak'st a foggy night a sunny day,
A dandelion seem a damask rose.

TO * * *,

With a Packet of Court Plaister.

A thousand pangs are by my gift allay'd,
'Twill cure all wounds save those which love
has made;
The slights of beauty may'st thou never feel,
Or know the only wound it will not heal.

TO * * *,

With the like.

This panacea is with wonders rife,
'Twill stick as closely to thee as thy wife;
Should it not with thy temp'rament agree,
'Twill prove a blister too, as well as she.

I'VE PROV'D THE WINE-CUP.

I've prov'd the wine-cup sparkling high,
The joys that wealth can yield;
The plaintive charms of melody,
The triumphs of the field:
Retirements, pleasures, and the toys
Ambition loves to wear;
But these were self-deluding joys,
Nor happiness was there.

I've revel'd in the wanton's smile,
To shun the sense of ill;
It was, alas! a purchas'd wile,
And peace was wanting still.

Where shall my soul for comfort seek?
What shall absorb my tears?
One virtuous smile on Anna's cheek
Dispels the doubts of years.

To press that little hand, to part
The locks upon thy brow,
Awakens rapture in this heart
It ne'er has felt till now;
In joy, my soul responds to thee;
By fortune's frowns deprest,
Thy smile dispels my misery;
Thy love hath made me blest.

TO MARY.

Since thy heart thou canst not yield me,
Since my hopes I must forego,
Since my arm may never shield thee
In this world of doubt and woe:
Yet, let friendship, holier feeling,
Light me on my downward way,
Till kind fate, the arrow dealing,
Change my frailties into clay.

Think not, Mary, that I blame thee,
Tho' my hopes thou hast o'erthrown;
No! the deed shall never shame thee,
Thou canst *love* but one alone.

May the man with thee united,
Love thee as I would have done;
And the tree which love hath blighted,
Soon be wither'd, lost, and gone.

Peace, my heart! in silence rest,
Thou of grief hast drunk thy fill;
Life hath lost its only zest,
Be thou now for ever still.

TO * * * * * *

As sleeps the wild rose on its thorny tree,
Amid the tangled mazes of the grove;
So didst thou bloom, sweet child of minstrelsie,
And shed those sweets the muse must ever love.

The hand of chance a worthless footstep led
Beside thy dwelling in an evil hour;
The tyrant spied thee on thy humble bed,
And pluck'd thee to adorn a richer bower.

Awhile thy beauties deck'd the summer's day,
Till poverty, like nipping winter, came;
Thy promis'd patron left thee to decay,
And fix'd a lasting stigma on his name.

Long shall those sweets be priz'd which fame distill'd
From the decaying flowr's thy branches bore,
Long shall the generous cup to thee be fill'd
When memory lisps *that patron's* name no more!

BALLAD.

Come hither, fair maidens, and list to my lay,
You may learn from my song, and go wiser away;
If with love and with pity your bosoms can thrill,
Hear the tale of poor Lucy the maid of the hill.

The moss-rose, when op'ning her buds to the gale,
And the meekest of flow'rs that enamel the vale,
When in clusters it hangs its white bells o'er the rill,
Form an emblem of Lucy the maid of the hill.

The blackbird is blithe when he sings on the thorn,
And the lark when he hails the first blush of the morn,
The red-deer whilst roaming the forest at will,
But a blither than all was the maid of the hill.

The lord of the castle, one eve from the grove,
Transplanted a flow'r to the garden of love;
'Twas caress'd, but soon left to the wintry wind chill,
And that flow'ret, alas! was our maid of the hill.

Now all that was lovely ere noontide decay'd,
At the foot of yon yew-tree poor Lucy is laid;
And the shepherd at night, when the hamlet is still,
Drops a tear on the grave of the maid of the hill.

TO A NEGLECTED PIANO.

Farewell to thy music! neglected and lone,
Despised and forgotten, thy strings must remain;
To a fav'rite more favor'd thy mistress is flown,
And she passes thee by with an air of disdain.

I remember the time when thou wert not forsaken,—
The time when thy music was sweet to the ear;
When the sounds of delight which she deign'd to awaken,
Could this heart in the midst of its loneliness cheer.

Oh! were but my fingers endow'd with the skill,
O'er thy key's, like my Mary's, delighted to rove;
Thy disconsolate wires should no longer be still,
But re-echo with strains which I ever must love.

Farewell! as I roam thro' this life's desert vale,
Should some notes, as I pass, thy remembrance recal,
I will pause with a sigh her neglect to bewail,
And remember thy lays so much dearer than all.

AN AUTUMNAL SCENE.

When welcome Ceres her autumnal store
Had shed prolific o'er Britannia's shore,
When dusky twilight did preside again,
And the sun sank beneath the western main;
Loud carol'd forth the lark his evening song,
The bleating sheep were slowly driv'n along;
Behind them walk'd, with laggard pace, the swain,
Whose merry whistle echoed o'er the plain;
Forth from the fields the sturdy reaper hied,
With ruddy face the mid-day sun had dyed;
A jacket loose, his brawny shoulders grac'd;
A hat of straw, upon his head was placed;

Round his brown neck, his kerchief loosely hung;
And, as he loiter'd home, his song he sung:
The gleaners next the empty field forsook,
And clam'rous children sought the noisy brook,
And quaff'd the weedy stream o'er which they bent,
As though 'twere nectar which the gods had sent.
Would'st thou view nature, seek not her abode
Amid the bustle of life's hacknied road,
But hie thee to the fields, and there alone
Peruse her in a language of her own.
Mark yonder urchin, with what hardy pride
He bears her burthen by his grandam's side;
His future years a parent's care shall bless,
Who weaves his duty with his happiness.
In splendid cities, where imperial state
Attends the lordly footsteps of the great,
Where every passion prompts the varying mind,
An ample feast may contemplation find;

But, in the hamlet, where the lab'ring swain
Consumes his days to cultivate the plain,
Is spread, unseason'd by the hands of art,
A banquet which more interests the heart.

LINES

Written in the Winter of 1816.

The holly lives upon the heath,
'Tis ever green and gay;
Nor autumn's wild bestrewing breath
Can bear its leaves away.

The trees which form the forest's shades,
May boast a livelier green;
But barren are the fairest glades
When winter strips the scene.

Here read a moral ye who may,
Nor choose the fairest flow'r;
Its gaudy tints must soon decay,
When comes the wint'ry hour.

Virtue, the plant which bides the storm,
Clasp fondly to your breast;
Then sorrow's winds shall ne'er deform
The greenness of your guest.

MORNING.

When dark-brow'd night her ebon throne forsakes,
And drives her sable chariot from on high:
With bat-wing'd coursers down the western sky,
The blue-eyed morning in the east awakes.

On azure clouds her fairy steps she takes,
And hieing to the misty mountain's steep,
Unlocks the leaden manacles of sleep,
Then, with a gentle hand, man's slumbers breaks.
Hail goddess! in thy chariot bright,
Source of genial heat and light;
Where thy earliest rays are streaming,
Where thy warmest smiles are beaming,
To bid thee welcome will I stray,
Parent of enlivening day!

TO A YOUNG LADY, JEALOUS OF HER SISTER'S BEAUTY.

Can the eyes which beam brightly e'er shine with
a tear
Of regret that another's more pensive appear?
Do we scorn the fair rose as we gaze on its
hue,
Because nature denies it the violet's blue?
Should the sun make complaint that his rays
are too bright,
If night's crescent send forth a less powerful
light?
To the dictates of reason dear Brenda appeal,
'Tis contrast that heightens each pleasure we
feel.

A PRAYER.

O Thou! who to man's restless mind
A stedfast boundary has given,
Thus rendering prying reason blind
To the mysterious ways of heaven;
Forgive the life-consuming sigh,
I heave when miseries oppress;
Forgive the tear which dims mine eye
In sorrow's loneliness.
Often the choicest earthly things
Increase the miser's ill-got store,
While wealth plumes not her gaudy wings
Within the just man's door:

Often the gay seducer's cheek
Is flush'd with health's enlivening glow,
Whilst poverty and sickness seek
The good man's house of woe.
'Tis just O God; but man is frail
And sinks beneath the load of grief;
Droops, ere his innate strength should fail,
And weeps when he should ask relief.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

Suggested by a description of the departure of the Princess Royalle.

Adieu! thou fairy land of fond delight,
Thy glittering spires above the rolling sea,
Still break upon my melancholy sight;
A last farewell to all my hopes in thee.
Ere now, my country boasted liberty,
But ruthless tyranny hath rung her knell,
Nations remote no more shall hail thee free,
But ev'ry wandring mariner shall tell,
How Gallia once was great!—how humbled
Gallia fell!

Still do I love thee, and my aching sight,
Dimm'd by the tear my heart would fain evade,
With the full ardour of supreme delight
Dwells on thy parting beauties as they fade.

Alas! that fiend-like war, with gory blade,
Should wildly riot in thy fertile breast;
The rural plenty of thy swains invade;
Thy throne become the murd'rous eagles nest;
Who dares, unaw'd, to lift his blood-besprinkled
crest.

Land of my birth, tho' from thy charms I rove,
A cheerless exile wheresoe'er I fly;
Thou still shalt claim my dearest, fondest love,
And with thy fate be wove my destiny.
In *His* protection shall my soul rely,
Whose instant hest the storm of war can quell,
Hush to repose the patriot's deep-drawn sigh,
The crimson stain from Gallia's fame dispel:
Farewell! dear France, my long-lov'd home,
Farewell!

A LIVING CHARACTER.

Let every sound be hush'd, *and silence reign!*
Be dumb ye oxen of the daisied plain!
Silence, proud mill-stream, thy tremendous roar,
He strums the lyre who never strumm'd before!
While mightier bards, in loftier strains rehearse
The warrior's triumph in majestic verse;
While ev'ry line the startled soul alarms,
And in each verse is heard the clank of arms;
Immortal hypocrite, be thou my theme!
Shade of a shadow in the world's esteem!
But by thyself less intimately known,
Conceiv'd a very giant in thine own!
'Tis said, sev'n cities in the land of mirth,
Music, and myrtles, claim the hero's birth;

He names them all, and, therefore, which to fix on,
Would puzzle all the *learned* down to *Nixon;*
Howbeit the muse hath heard, the sable wight
First from suburban hovel saw the light,
Where nurs'd in filth, and train'd to cheat and lie,
The infant Judas wallow'd in his sty:
Arrived at riper years he comes and goes,
And brushes shoes that ne'er confin'd his toes.
A valet next, the wretch no longer starves,
But apes the English bully whom he serves;
Skill'd in cosmetic arts, the ready liar
Soon makes a dandy of the booby squire;
So smart his repartee and ready hit,
Our ignoramus wonders at his wit;
Receives with tickled ears the servile cant,
And dubs the puppy, pimp and confidant.
Now thro' the sunny clime this precious pair
Inhale the odours of Italian air,

Sighing, with lovesick lungs, to that sweet tune
Some worn-out Cyprian warbles to the moon;
Or, lost to manhood, aping as they roam,
The mawkish manners of degen'rate Rome.
Tired of debauch, of half his strength bereft,
And longing for the home he lately left,
Back comes our polish'd 'squire, with oath sublime,
To curse the fogginess of northern clime;
His fille-de-joie and valet, on the way,
Have quarrell'd on their perquisites or pay;
Exposure follows—madam makes a rout,
And WHISKERANDO is at length kick'd out.
Deception for his trade, the cunning slave
Has still his old resource—to play the knave,
And, though the kick still smarts upon his br—ch,
With shameless front forth sallies he to teach!
The lion's skin now hides the meaner beast,
Our blustering Signor is a Count at least;

But driv'n from home, wife, children, friends,
and *fame*,
For *secret* reasons *must* conceal his name.
Destin'd again on flatt'ry's wings to soar,
He praises wit which none e'er saw before;
Some shallow coxcomb hears the stupid lie,
And gulphs the bait with undiscerning eye,
First satiates vanity, then recommends
Claudius Count Whiskerando to his friends,
On whom our sycophant contrives to call,
Just as the dinner passes through the hall;
With thanks and bows accepts the vacant seat,
To fawn—to vend his falsehoods—and *to eat*.

SEE MODEST SPRING.

(Published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for June, 1820.*)*

See modest spring again her mantle throws
O'er the wide landscape, deep within the grove
The young-eyed vi'let with the primrose blows,
And all creation breathes once more of love.
And list!—how sweet from yonder hawthorn brake
The blackbird warbles her resounding lays,
While more remote *her* plaintive strains awake,
Which lovers hail, and musing poets praise.
But does no heart amid this vernal joy
Pine silently away in ceaseless pain?

Does pleasure triumph without one alloy,
And pure felicity unrivall'd reign?
O no!—delight within the lonely soul
May never dwell, whilst unrelenting fate
Darkens life's sunshine as the moments roll,
And leaves the bosom drear and desolate.
Then haste away in pity, O ye hours,
For not the seaman, toss'd upon the wave,
More longs again to hail his native bow'rs,
Than I to rest in peace within the silent grave.

ANACREONTIC.

When night throws her sable veil
  O'er the landscape of delight,
And the orb of lustre pale
  Sheds her modest silver light;
Where the rippling waters glide
  Slowly through the silent scene;
Where the willows kiss the tide,
  Clad in drooping robes of green;
Underneath their weeping shade
I think of thee, my blue-eyed maid!

O say, at evening's thoughtful hour,
Dost thou ever wake the lay
Within thy lonely moonlight bow'r,
And think of him that's far away?
Yes! and when thy tender strain
Breathes affection wild and free,
Thou think'st upon Orlando's pain,
Whose only wishes dwell with thee.

I LOVE MID HILLS AND WOODS.

I love mid hills and woods to rove,
By mead and wandering stream;
To hear the linnet's lay of love,
And list the wood-man's theme.
The lordly hall,—the courtier's lot,—
The pomp my youth has seen;
I leave them all to seek the cot,
Where dwells my village queen.

The high-born fair may seem more gay,
With pearls upon her breast;
But lovelier is the queen of May,
In flow'ry chaplets drest:
Blythe as the wild-deer, bounding free
Amid the sylvan scene,
I seek that happy vale with glee,
Where dwells my village queen.

AN ELEGY.

(Addressed to his Mistress.)

Hast thou, when wand'ring thro' the sunburnt vale,
In summer's reign the drooping flowers surveyed;
When the sweet rose is blanch'd with deadly pale,
And e'vn the lily droops within the shade?

Hast thou beheld the sober evening close,
When southern winds their humid treasures bear;
When gentler gales betake them to repose,
And sudden coolness freshens all the air?

Hast thou e'er heard the angry storm contend,
When wildering sleep thy roving thoughts addrest;
Hast thou e'er heard the pattering rain descend,
Till wearied nature pillow'd thee to rest?

Then, with the morning's dawn thou may'st have seen
The sickening flower assume its wonted hue;
Its bloom contrasted with reviving green,
And leaves all glittering with the pearly dew.

No more it sickens on its dewless bed,
Dejected tenant of the thirsty plain;
But lifts aloft to heav'n its grateful head,
Owns the reviving shower, and lives again.

So doth the youth, whom thrilling love inspires,
'Gainst parching scorn and coldness vainly strive;

Till pity her relenting soul inspires,
Who cheers his heart, and bids his hopes revive.

The smiles of joy relume his wasted cheek,
Returning hope becomes his peaceful guest;
Ecstatic joys his amorous sighs bespeak,
And life seems thrilling thro' his happy breast.

TO A LADY,

With a copy of "The Literary Souvenir."

Tho' far from thee I roam, love!
A happier home to seek;
Yet not one tear for pleasures past
Shall steal adown my cheek:
For pleasures, like all earthly things,
A transient hour allure;
But in a brighter sphere alone
These raptures can endure.

When gazing on this pledge, love!
Thou ponderest on my fate;
Think not a heart, by thee approv'd,
Can be unfortunate:

Break but thy plighted faith, the heart
Though lov'st may broken be!
Love still, and heav'n the wand'rer's feet
Shall turn again to thee!

ON THE LOSS OF A VESSEL,

Which was sunk on her passage from Ireland to England, when every soul on board perished.

Serene in their hammocks the passengers lay,
Their eyes in sweet slumbers were closed;
On the rolling wave sparkled the moon's silver ray,
In the sails of the bark did the sea-breezes play,
And nought her swift progress opposed.

The watch on the deck view'd the scene with
delight,
Where perchance o'er the main he espied
The isle of his forefathers break on his sight,
Or Hibernia's blue hills, on the bosom of night,
Sinking 'neath the blue waves he descried.

His heart pants with joy as his home he draws
near,
And he pictures his happier state,
When he the lov'd voice of his Mary shall hear,
When his cot and his rosy-cheek'd children
appear,
Who in anxious expectancy wait.

But soon this delight from the deep shall depart,
To distraction and horror give place;—
Shall the edict of fate mock the mariner's art,—
Shall despair all the feelings of terror impart,
And the angel of death shew his face.

A rock rears its head in the midst of the waves,
Unseen by the mariner's eye;
She strikes!—'tis too late!—no assistance she craves!*
The virtuous—the wicked—sink deep in their graves,
Where unheeded, unhonour'd, they lie!

How vainly doth man in this world fix his care,
And the schemes of to-morrow divine;
Tho' this morning his prospects are brilliant and fair,
Ere the evening may death, or the hand of despair,
To oblivion his projects consign.

* No signal of distress was fired.

ANACREONTIC.—TO EUGENIUS.

Once like thine, my heart was gay,
Cheer'd by hope's enlivening ray;
Pleasure strew'd her blooming flowers
Over life's too fleeting hours:
Then, at rapture's fountain bright,
I quaff'd the stream of wild delight;
Fancy, then, the garland wove
Round the smiling brows of love:
But alas! no more I see
Scenes that wake my soul to glee;
Fate the cypress wreath is weaving,
Hope this throbbing bosom leaving,
Sorrow drops the pitying tear,
And despair is welcome here.
Welcome! for life's lingering ray
'Neath his glance shall soon decay.

EPISTLE TO ATTICUS.

(A Satire on Woman.)

Dear Atticus, thou still art young,
Thy lays of love are yet unsung;
But people say thy lyre's in tune,
To sing them ere another moon:
Weigh well the matter, and depend
Upon the counsels of a friend,
Think not that learning e'er will prove
A stimulus to woman's love;
Or thou must lay thy books aside,
Or lose thy labour and thy bride;
No longer, then, at midnight pore
O'er manuscripts of antique lore,

But hie thee to the gentle dame,
Who sees nor disapproves thy flame;
There press her hand, and gently kiss
Her balmy lips, her cheeks of bliss;
Nor fancy that, when thou art gone,
The same will be by others done.
When morn unbars her gates of gold,
When flow'rs their tender leaves unfold,—
Flow'rs which thy various beds have graced,
In Linnæan order nicely placed;
Heed not their kinds,—the names they bear,
But cull a posy for the fair:
Be sure the op'ning rose to seek,
Which blushes like thy Lydia's cheek;
But, ah! beware the cruel thorn,
Equivalent to Lydia's scorn:
Hearts-ease within thy posy bind,
But say 'tis what thou ne'er canst find.

But wouldst thou know the step, the air,
That must attend thee to the fair,
Read Chesterfield, and rightly scan
What trifles women's hearts trepan;
Yet chiefly know, whate'er the dress
Fantastic fashion doth profess,
Thou must comply, nor need repine,
For woman's love is surely thine.
In this the art of pleasing lies,—
To ridicule the good and wise;
To change, by talismanic power,
The vilest weed to sweetest flower:
Seek thou with critic eye to find
The vices of thy mistress' mind,
Then, with the subtlety of art,
So nicely varnish ev'ry part,
That to her all-enraptured eyes
She sees as many virtues rise:
Learn all the small talk of the day,—
What colonel's wife has run away;

What fortune-hunter has been seen
With chaise and four for Gretna Green;
What friendship all the world can see
'Twixt Mr. A. and Mrs. B.;
Create and utter lies by dozens,
And scandalize your aunts and cousins.
Should one, more honest than the rest,
Dare doubt the falsehoods you exprest,
The die is cast!—or you or he
Must travel to eternity.
You meet,—'tis fate directs the ball,
Behold a fellow-creature fall;
Then, as you mark the blood apace,
Steal from his temple o'er his face,
And hear the short convulsive breath
Which marks the trembling work of death,
Does pity bid thy bosom bleed,
Relentful of the sanguine deed,
Shame on thy weak unmanly soul!
Go where, around the midnight bowl,

Thy gay companions heedless still
Dispel th' unwelcome sense of ill;
'Tis but a transitory sense of pain,
And soon will wear away again.
Now lay aside thy timorous air,
Thou art the idol of the fair:
Thy *virtues* have been fully tried,
And thou hast but to choose thy bride.

ANNA, WHEN I'M FAR AWAY.

Anna, when I'm far away
  Musing o'er the moonlit sea,
Nursing hopes that will decay,—
  Hopes that cling to home and thee;
While my rude messmates careless sleep,
  Upon the gloomy deck I stand,
And pensive eye the foaming deep,
  Which bears me from my native land.
The tear that fell adown thy cheek,
  Affection's smile but half represt;
Which told what language could not speak,—
  The feelings of a faithful breast:
All these in fancy's visions rise,
  When mem'ry waves her magic wand,
And bid my bosom dearer prize
  My home and thine,—my native land!

SERENADE.

Let me gaze in thine eye
When the summer moon's high,
And the world I'll defy as I bask in its ray;
In the dew of thy lip
Let my fond kisses dip,
And the nectar I sip shall chase sorrow away.

Oh! the spell of thy smile
Would a holy monk wile,
From the cloister's dull aisle to the bower of love;
The perfumes that rise
From thy odorous sighs
Would tempt from the skies even seraphs above.

By the fern-covered hill
Let us wander at will,
  Where the winds with the heather-bells
    wantonly play;
On this bosom recline,
Only say 'I am thine,'
  A long life of grief would such moments
    repay.

Let philosophers preach,
That the learning they teach,
  From the mind ev'ry dark cloud of doubt
    can remove;
With profundity vain
I'll ne'er trouble my brain,
  For the science for me—is the science of
    love.

THIS EVENING LIGHT.

This evening light, how calm it shines
  Above the green and wavy sea;
Which, as its quivering ray declines,
  Mourns its departure mournfully.
With startling shriek the curlew flies,
  The home-bound vessel glides along;
And echo's gentle voice replies
  Unto the jocund boatman's song.

Now, dearest Anna, let us roam
With lightsome foot the shelly shore,
Or the lone spirit's rocky home,*
With wild and curious gaze explore:
Then should a sigh unbidden start,
Own thou the influence divine;
'Tis nature acting on the heart,
And we will worship at her shrine.

* Popular superstition peoples the romantic caverns by the sea-side with a supernatural being, whose voice is Echo.

O WHEN THOU ART BEFORE ME!

A SONG.

O when thou art before me,
And no one else is nigh,
A brighter light comes o'er me,
This world to beautify;
More sunny is the rural plain,
More balmy is the rose,
And music's spirit-stirring strain
In sweeter accents flows.

But when thou art not near me,
Tho' wit and mirth be there,
Their brilliance cannot cheer me,
Or chase my bosom's care;
The beams of kindling light have fled,
And cheerless is the plain;
The flow'rs no more their sweetness shed,
And music's pow'rs are vain.

THE EYE WITH RAPTURE BEAMING.

A SONG.

Set to Music by John Merriott.

The eye with rapture beaming
  May boast its power awhile;
Its bright ray wildly gleaming
  Along the sunny smile.
Like love, the flow'ret on its bed
  Rejoices in its light,
And ev'ry brilliant day-beam shed
  Awakens new delight.

But flow'rs too brightly shone upon
  Will hasten to decay,
And woman's love, too lightly won,
  Wilt ofttimes fade away;
Yet dewdrops shed from zephyr's wing
  The sinking flow'r sustain
And woman's smile can always bring
  Her lover back again.

FRAGMENT.

(Set to Music by E. Merriott.)

The splendour of day
Has faded away,
  The shadows of night are stealing;
In the element clear
What beauties appear,
  The glory of heaven revealing!
Come, wander with me
By the still smooth sea,
  Where the snow-white sail is gliding,
And hear the lone note
Of the mariner float,
  As his devious barque he's guiding.

Come, breathe the perfume
Of the jessamine's bloom
  Round thy balmy bower entwining;
Come watch where the light
Of the moonbeam bright
  On the sparkling wave is shining.
O haste to thy bower
This favouring hour,
  The world and its cares disdaining;
For the season to prove
The elysium of love
  Is when tranquil night is reigning.

THE SMILE OF HER I LOVE.

A SONG.

Set to Music by E. Merriott.

How sweet, when dew-eyed morning breaks,
  Appears the dappled sky;
And sweet the timid tear which breaks
  From heav'n-born pity's eye:
'Tis sweet to sit where roses twine
  In clustering blush above;
But Mary's sweeter smile be mine,—
  The smile of her I love!

When Cynthia from her azure throne
  Plays wanton on the stream,
'Tis sweet to meditate alone,
  And watch her dawning beam;
Yet, while o'er ev'ry dale and hill
  With blithesome foot I rove,
One beauty makes them sweeter still,---
  The smile of her I love!

WHEN DEWS DESCEND.

A SONG.

Set to Music by E. Merriott.

When dews descend, and flow'rets close,
And whispering breezes creep;
When night her starry mantle throws
Along the shaded steep;
When heaven the solitary hour
To silence doth ordain,
When light is glimmering from thy bow'r,
I'll come to thee again.

Then wilt thou list'ning bless the gale
Which wafts, on zephyr's wings,
The artless unassuming tale
Thy amorous lover sings;
Or say but thus,—'life's darker hours
'We'll leave in fate's abyss,
'And gaily plucking rapture's flow'rs,
'We'll live and love in this.'

THREE SONNETS,

Suggested by a visit to the Ruins of Waverley Abbey.

INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

Hail, once majestic! silent now and drear!
Thy mouldering beauties wake a theme sublime,
And, musing deep, I love to linger here
To mark the hands of nature and of time.
One, all destroying, with a frown severe,
Sits like the monarch of this sinking pile;
And, ceaseless labouring from year to year,
Atom by atom he disjoins the while.*

* "Thus to time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever nibbling edge,
Noiseless, AN ATOM AND AN ATOM MORE
DISJOINING FROM THE REST, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had far and wide,
(By man performed,) made all the forest ring."
COWPER'S YARDLEY OAK.

The *other*, ever young, with buxom smile,
Hangs her green chaplet on the cloister-wall,
And bids the merry birds with songs beguile
The tedious hours till summer leaves do fall;
Then decks with berries red the hawthorn tree—
Fit wages for the warbler's minstrelsy.

TO TIME.

Sage chronicler of days for ever flown!
When on this crumbling mass the moon shines pale,
Fain would I sit by thy romantic throne
To mark thy work, and profit by thy tale.
To mortal eyes thy myst'ries deign unveil—
Thy treasured legends of this lonely spot,
Where priestly pomp and pow'r did once prevail,
And prayer was heard where piety was not;

What long processions thro' this peaceful vale
Have mov'd in tyrant superstition's reign!
What solemn vespers on the evening gale
In measured cadence echoed o'er the plain!
How oft the proud ambition thou hast seen,
Allied with feigned humility has been!

TO NATURE.

And thou, creative goddess, in whose eye
Beams expectation of the coming hour,
Teach me, whilst pondering upon years gone by,
To mark *the source* which gave thy hand its power;
To read a moral in each humble flower,
That with the spring its beauties doth renew,
That lifts its head to hail the coming shower,
And drinks, with thirsty leaves, the grateful dew.

With hope's lov'd thrill thy wond'rous works I
view,
And turn my musings to this mortal clay:—
He lives whose pow'r my body shall renew,
When all that forms it now has past away.
O! may that *grace*, which makes the spirit free,
Like fresh'ning dew-drops to the flow'ret be.

THE END.

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*** *The Publishers much regret being unavoidably obliged to omit, in the annexed List of Subscribers, the greatest part of the Names from Guildford, Farnham, and other parts in Surrey, in consequence of not having received them at the appointed time.*

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